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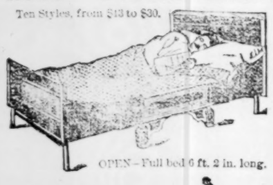

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Curious Effect of Arctic Cold.

A person who has never been in the polar regions can probably have no idea of what cold really is; but by reading the terrible experience of Arctic travelers in that icy region some notion can be formed of the extreme cold that prevails there.

When we have the temperature down to zero out-doors we think it bitterly cold, and if our houses were not as warm as, at least, sixty degrees above zero, we should begin to talk of freezing to death. Think, then, of living where the thermometer goes down to thirty-five degrees below zero in the house in spite of the stove. Of course in such a case the fur garments are piled on until a man looks like a great bundle of skins.

Everybody smiles at the fib told by Baron Munchausen about the cold weather he experienced when he said he could not make a sound on his hunting-horn because the sounds froze before they could get out; but that when he returned home and hung up his horn by the fire-place the warmth thawed out the sounds, and the horn played of its own accord all the tunes the Baron had blown into it. Of course the writer of the book was only trying to be as absurd as he could, and he was absurd enough; but, after all, some of the effects of cold are so extraordinary that there is no need to exaggerate.

Dr. Moss, of the English polar expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other odd things, tells of the effect of cold on a wax candle which he burned there. The temperature was thirty-five degrees below zero, and the Doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm.

It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down the candle, leaving a sort of skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly shaped holes in the thin walls of wax, and the result was a beautiful lace-like cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside it, and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light.

This is not only a curious effect of extreme cold, but it shows how difficult it must be to find anything like warmth in a place where even fire itself almost gets cold. The wonder is that any man can have the courage to willingly return to such a bitter region after having once got safely away from it, and yet the truth is, the spirit of adventure is so strange in some men that it is the very hardship and danger which attract them.

ON A DRUGGIST.

His virtues are worthy of mention
Whose body lies here 'neath the sod;
'Tis said to his keen apprehension
A wink was as good as a nod:
All his prescriptions from errors were free,
And one of society's pillars was he.
—*Boston Courier.*

An accident which has often been predicted and which funny artists have illustrated with much corroborative detail, recently happened to a vessel on the banks of Newfoundland. Her anchor fouled one of the Atlantic cables, and it was two days before she could get clear, and then it was by leaving the anchor and cable behind her.

A device for feeding lambs has been extensively introduced in France. A reservoir containing milk, which is kept at proper temperature, has a number of flexible nipples, from which the milk is extracted by suction. The advantage of the invention is supposed to be that it facilitates the weaning process by eliminating the personal element.

The National Department of Agriculture, in its forestry division, has prepared a schedule for observations of tree life, and accompanying it, of weather conditions, for the purpose of aiding an interest in forestry work, and to arrive at certain results explained on the schedules. Everybody interested will be welcome to apply for the blanks to the department at Washington.

Considerable interest attaches to the results attained by various American and foreign scientists in their attempts to ascertain, by careful and prolonged observations, the daily increase of the earth's mass from the falling upon it of meteors and cosmical dust. Briefly, these observations indicate that about 450,000 meteors fall upon the surface of the whole earth every hour, the average weight of these bodies being about five grains each, the total representing nearly 5,000 pounds per hour, or a fraction short of sixty tons every twenty-four hours. It is remarked that such an amount of material falling thus daily is certainly no small increase to the earth's mass, and for this increase the earth's attraction is considered responsible to the extent of twenty per cent.; the balance of eighty per cent., it is alleged, would be increased each hour by a globe the size of the earth, even if it had no attraction.

England is behind the United States in most things, but in the discovery and adoption of postal improvements and conveniences she is not. The latest contrivance in this line is an automatic box, whereby one may buy postal cards without the attendance of any one, the dropping of a coin into the slit automatically releasing a drawer in which one postal card is found. This is surely a great convenience; if its mechanical operation is a perfect success it is indeed an inestimable boon. There are few persons who patronize the mails who do not frequently experience the troublesome difficulty of furnishing themselves with postal cards and stamps. If some ingenious person could only hit upon a plan for providing postal cards, stamped letter envelopes and stamped newspaper wrappers wherever and whenever wanted, he would enjoy the fame of a public benefactor.

One of the results of the new system of celestial photography will undoubtedly be the discovery of hitherto unknown planets in our own solar system. The most distant planet yet discovered is Neptune, but it has been long suspected that there are others whose orbits are still more remote. Their great distance from the sun and the faintness of their light, however, has made it impossible to distinguish their slow movement among the myriads of small fixed stars through which they travel. By means of the accurate photographic charts which are now being made the movements of all the heavenly bodies can be at once detected by a comparison of plates taken at different intervals, and thus the value of the application of photography to celestial observations can readily appreciated. A plan has already been suggested by which a complete photographic picture of the entire heavens can be obtained by means of systematic co-operation of different observatories in the northern and southern hemispheres. It would require about ten years to carry out this project, but it would render an invaluable service to science. The Lick Observatory in California will, when completed, be one of the most efficient in the world for this kind of work.

One of the characters of Washington is a young man who pads his clothing so as to make him seem to be nearly twice as large as he is. His clothes are always neat, but as he wears them he looks more like a stuffed man than a real one. He wears a pair of boots with heels fully four inches high. His coat sleeves are so long that they cover the tips of his fingers, and even beyond that he has a pair of enormous cuffs. This young man is the son of wealthy parents, and is generally regarded as being a trifle daft. One of his peculiarities is a love for his own figure. He thinks he is the handsomest man alive. He rents an office in an uptown building, to which no one save only a favored few are admitted. This room he has arranged so that the walls and ceiling are entirely covered with mirrors. Strange stories are told of the young man's actions in this apartment. It is said he will remain there for hours admiring himself as reflected in the glass, all the while cutting up the most extraordinary antics. On the street he never looks to the right nor to the left. He never speaks to any one unless first addressed. Several times he has been guyed by young fellows who thought they would have a lark at his expense. In each and every instance they have been soundly thrashed.

Consul-General Jussen reports to the State Department at Washington: "I can state with absolute certainty that Vienna is the most expensive city as regards the cost of living upon the continent of Europe." He writes that the general condition of Austria-Hungary in its industrial relations is about as bad as it can well be.

A new industry has found a home in Vinalhaven, Maine. A firm purchases lobsters when they are cheap, in the latter part of the summer and in the fall, and puts them into a forty-acre pound. This pound is situated in a cove. The entrance to this cove has been wired across in the manner of a fishing weir. Here the lobsters are kept through the winter, and are fed on fish heads and similar food. When spring arrives they can be sold in the Boston market for $10 a hundred pounds, and each lobster will weigh from two to six pounds.

Nearly all the cameos used in this country come from Italy, though some very fine ones come from Paris. The quartz blocks from which the cameos are cut are imported in shapes ready for cutting. The kind of quartz most commonly used are onyx, sardonyx, chalcedony, jasper, turquoise and certain species of shells. They can also be cut on any stone or jewel except a diamond. A cameo differs from an intaglio in that it is executed in relief, while the latter is a sunk engraving. Cameos are best cut in minerals which present various bands of two or more distinct colors.

The report of Dr. John S. Billings, Surgeon U. S. A., in his report on the mortality and vital statistics of the United States as returned for the tenth census (June 1, 1880), in order to study the influence upon the health of the inhabitants exerted by peculiarities of topography, drainage, climate, etc., divides the country into twenty-one regions, the physical characteristics of which are more or less distinct. From the data presented it appears that the mean annual increase of population in ten years due to excess of births over deaths was 878,522. The mean annual birth rate for the United States is given as thirty-six per 1,000. The report shows that the United States, as a whole, during the census year had a comparatively low death rate and a high birth rate. The death rate was higher in the colored than in the white population, in the foreign element than in the whites of American parentage, and in the cities than in the rural districts. The most important causes of disease and death were consumption, pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, malarial fevers, and those ill-defined forms of disease to which children under one year of age are subject. The total number of deaths was 756,893.

The Modern Greeks.

The reason why the Greeks are so belligerent is, that they assert that if Bulgaria is increased and strengthened by obtaining fresh Turkish Territory, they ought to have more Turkish Territory, too. They assert that certain portions of Turkey, which lie adjacent to the borders of Greece, are inhabited by Greeks, and ought to be included in the Greek dominions. They say that they have not received all the Territory which the Congress of Berlin promised them; and that if their Bulgarian rival is to be favored, they ought not to be left without a slice also.

It seems at first sight surprising that a little kingdom, whose area is less than that of our State of Maine alone, should be able to keep all the great powers of Europe agog with suspense, anxiety, and constant effort to keep it quiet for months together.

But as a fact, Europe looks with special alarm upon any disturbance which is threatened in the Balkan peninsula. Such a disturbance is likely at any time to embroil the powers in a great war, since it tends to place Turkey and Constantinople in jeopardy.

Greece is all the more dangerous to the peace of Europe, as the race which inhabits it inherits many of the bright, enterprising qualities of its renowned ancestry. The modern Greek is superior in intelligence, mental quickness, adroitness and warlike valor to either the Servian, the Bulgarian, or the Turk.

He is restless, ambitious, and full of impetuous ardor. He does not wish any of his neighbors to "get ahead" of him. He regards himself as the true heir of the Turk in Europe, since what is now Turkey was once entirely under Grecian rule. He believes that he, rather than the Servian or Bulgarian, or even the Russian or the Englishman, is best fitted to rule as master on the Bosphorus.—*Youth's Companion.*

He Can Borrow the Knife Now.

William Euclid Young enjoys on the Stock Exchange the same kind of reputation that the late General Grant had through the country—that of being a silent man. He possesses the rare accomplishment of knowing how to say little, and that little in the briefest way. But Mr. Young has a deceitful memory, and for weeks has not been able to remember to buy a knife, so that every time the point of his pencil has been broken he has run to one of the employes of the Exchange and simply said in tones that admitted of no refusal:

"Give me your knife."

Having used the knife, Mr. Young would return it without a word. He did this so frequently that the employe became tired of his brief but imperious demand. The other day Mr. Young again approached him and said:

"Give me your knife." The employe, however, with equal brevity, replied:

"Haven't any."

Mr. Young walked away without a word, but after an interval of three days he again approached the employe, and handing him a $5 gold piece said:

"Buy one."

He then walked away. The employe knife is now at the service of Mr. Young whenever he calls for it.—*New York World.*

While the tomato is a native of South America it takes its name from a Portuguese word.

CHANGES.

Like one who hears with sudden throb of sadness
The lingering cadence of an old refrain
Which wakes the echoes of some vanished gladness
With tender pain.

So stand I now with mingled pain and pleasure,
After long absence, at a well-known door
Which guarded once my darling, my heart's treasure
In days of yore.

Still bloom the roses with their old-time sweetness
Round this dear cottage in my native land;
Trimmed is the hedge with all its wonted neatness;
The old elms stand.

Still sloped the lawn in beautiful gradation,
Like a soft carpet of the richest green;
Still leaps the fountain with its light pulsation,
Brightening the scene.

Years have not changed it; now, as then, the river
Winds in the distance like a silver stream;
Through the old orchard still the sunbeams quiver
And brightly gleam.

Ah! but no voice of sweetest modulation
Nor rippling laughter greets my listening ear;
All the bright scene but breathes in desolation,
"She is not here!"

"Not here! not here!" the murmuring elm-trees sigh it,
The rustling grass repeats it 'neath my feet,
Her cherished roses mournfully reply it
In odors sweet.

O'er the soft lawn the shadows westward creeping
Darkly enfold me at the rose-girt door.
In deeper shadows lies my dear love sleeping,
To wake no more!

PRIZE LILIES.

"Five of them, Uncle Kress," said Tibbie, triumphantly. "Great, rich scrolls, as white as cream, each with a golden spear rising out of its heart, and surrounded by rank, green leaves, crouching over the edge of Grandma Dallas' old majolica pot."

"Heyday, heyday!" said Uncle Kress, who sat among his manuscrips in the latticed library, with one quill-pen back of his ear and one in his hand. "Our little Tibbie is getting poetical. Golden spears, eh? White as cream? So I shall have to hand over the prize to you, shall I?"

"Circumstances point in that direction, Uncle Kress," said Tibbie, with a gleeful sparkle to her eyes. "Ten dollars in gold. Don't you wish you had been less rash in registering promises?"

"What will Isabel say?" shrewdly questioned Mr. Kress, as he began to cut a new quill-pen, with a keen-bladed penknife.

"Poor Isabel, she is so vexed about it," said Tibbie. "I really think, Uncle Kress, that if she could have done it with her glances, she would have blighted every one of those calla-lily buds of mine."

"Tut, tut, tut!" said Mr. Kress, slicing diligently away at the quill.

"Well, Uncle, I only say what I think. But where are you going to put the lilies? On the reading-desk, or at the foot of the font?"

"Haven't made up my mind yet," said Uncle Kress. "Take them around to the church Saturday afternoon, and I'll decide at the eleventh hour where they shall stand.

So Tibbie Kress (her "given name," as the old ladies phrase it, was Elizabeth) went merrily home, thinking what she should do with the precious gold-eagle, which was to be the prize for the pot of calla-lilies; and in the midst of her exultation there came a pang of pity for Isabel, whose lilies had all gone to leaf, and produced never a bud at all.

"A new bonnet is what I need most," said Tibbie, as she surveyed her limited wardrobe—"a bonnet of split straw, with Nile-green ribbons, and a cluster of daisies and mignonnette—a real springy spring bonnet."

Which was an entirely feminine decision, especially when it was taken into account that Tibbie had not had a new bonnet in a year, and that Harold Vanneker always came down to the little Westburgh church for Easter Sunday.

Isabel and Tibbie were sisters in blood. Mentally and morally they were as unlike as if they had been born on different continents.

Isabel was a dark-browed, rich-lipped girl, who bore a grudge against fate for having made a school-teacher of her instead of an heiress. Tibbie was a plump, smiling young damsel, who accepted circumstances as they came, and made the best of them.

And Mrs. Duckworth, the matronly old lady with whom they boarded, expressed her opinion, very plainly, "that Miss Tibbie was worth a dozen of Miss Isabel, and so Mr. Vanneker thought, too, or she was off her calculations!"

"Well," said Isabel, contemptuously, as Tibbie came into the sitting-room, which the two girls shared in common, "I suppose you have been to the parsonage, to crow over me."

"Don't be vexed, Bell," said Tibbie, depreciatingly. "Of course, I had to tell Uncle Kress that the lilies were ready for him."

"And to demand the prize?"

"I had a right to claim his promise, Bell."

Isabel bit her lip.

"I shall never try to bloom lilies again for Easter," said she. "It's all nonsense!"

Tibbie did not answer.

Had Isabel's lilies bloomed and hers ailed, she told herself, she should not have withheld sympathy and congratulation from her more fortunate rival!

That new bonnet—the first new bonnet which Tibbie had ever bought out and out from a milliner in New York—what a marvel of richness and freshness and beauty it was!

How had she ever been satisfied with the commonplace creations of her own fingers, made out of sponged silk, dyed ribbons, and flowers which were so utterly unflower-like? These were the merest apologies; this was a bonnet!

Tibbie could not help feeling pleasantly conscious of it as she passed up the church aisle that morning, wondering if it became her—secretly glad to think that Harold Vanneker would be there to see her wear it.

But as she settled herself into her own cosy little corner of the church-pew, she chanced to glance up, and to her surprise there was the painted majolica pot and the rich, arrow-shaped leaves seeming to overflow its brim with greenery on either side; but not a solitary lily was to be seen.

Was she dreaming? Where were the five royal scrolls of whiteness which had lifted up their imperial heads when she carried in the pot last night?

Roses blossomed on the altar; bouquets of white carnations flung spicy sweetness on the air; slender ropes of smilax were festooned along the rails, with here and there a knot of violets fastened in; a vase of cut callas stood on the reading-desk. Out of all the Easter lilies that Tibbie had watched grow and expand to their pearly perfection, not one remained.

She thought the time never would come when she could see her uncle come down the steps, with his sermon-case under his arm, and his old-fashioned soft hat pulled over his brow.

In the breezy church-yard the willow boughs swayed to and fro, the short grass was starred with dandelions, and the bland spring sunshine folded everything in a veil of gold; but a cloud seemed to descend over all these things when Tibbie caught the grave, reproachful look on her uncle's face.

Harold Vanneker stood beside Mr. Kress; he lifted his hat to Tibbie; but the girl scarcely noticed his presence.

"Uncle, you are vexed with me!" she cried. "What is it? Is it the bonnet? Did you think it was too gay? And oh, uncle, what became of the lilies?"

Uncle Kress looked gravely at her.

"I scarcely expected such a tricky thing of you, Elizabeth," said he. "If you had wanted the ten dollars so badly, why didn't you tell me, and I would have given it to you, out and out? But deceit—even practical joking—God's altar is not the place for that!"

Tibbie had grown very pale.

"Uncle," she gasped, "I don't understand you!"

"We will not discuss it further," said Mr. Kress, waving his hand. "You will find your lilies lying out there under the southern eaves. Take them and go!"

Tibbie was turning vaguely in the direction to which her uncle pointed, but Mr. Vanneker was before her. Stooping down, he gathered up a handful of coarse paper scrolls with gaudily-painted yellow pistils in their centers.

"Paper lillies!" gasped Tibbie—"artificial ones! But I don't understand this! What does it all mean? Where are my lilies?"

"These are the lilies that I found fastened rudely in among your green leaves this morning," said Mr. Kress, coldly. "It was a poor jest to play, a deception which was self-evident in itself. Not like you, Elizabeth—no, not like you!"

Tibbie looked from her uncle to Mr. Vanneker without a word. For the moment it seemed as if speech were frozen upon her lips; but all at once she broke into a piteous cry.

"Who has been tampering with my lilies," she wailed—"my white, beautiful lilies?"

"I think I have a clew to this puzzle," said Mr. Vanneker, calmly. "I was in the back of Durivage's book-store, yesterday, looking at an old black-letter edition of Chaucer, that he had laid aside for me, when a lady came into the front department and asked the price of some paper lilies that lay on the counter. Instinctively I looked up, for they were the very things I had laughed at, asking Durivage jeeringly if he supposed that any one would be insane enough to purchase such monstrosities as that; and he had replied that there was more imitation in that sort of thing than I had any idea of. To my astonishment the lady was Miss Isabel Kress, and she bought the lilies and went out. We came down from New York in the same train, but I was prevented from going and speaking to her by a man who button-holed me on business matters, and I do not think she knew of my being near. When I strolled past the church last night, I saw Isabel Kress herself going in. I stopped and asked the old sexton if the church was open.

"'Noa, not reg'lar open,' he answered; 'but there's a young lady a-puttin' flowers in.'

"Naturally I thought of Tibbie, here, and went in. But it was not Tibbie whom I saw in the far end of the church, stealthily breaking off the white blossoms in the great majolica pot and inserting the odious paper imitations in their place—it was Isabel. I stood still and watched her as she transferred the real lilies to a basket that hung on her arm, as she gathered her shawl around her and glided out again, with a strange, evil smile on her face, quite unaware of me standing in the shadow of the gallery.

"It was a strange pantomime. I did not understand it then, but I understand it now. Miss Isabel Kress bore her sister some grudge, and sought to be revenged."

"Yes," said a quick, excited voice close by, as Isabel emerged from the sheltering shade of a group of laurels, "it is all true, every word of it! I meant to take down Tibbie's pride, and I've done it—for a moment at least. There's my confession—make what you will of it!"

And with a short, shrill laugh, she swept away, her lip curved contemptuously.

"My dear," said Mr. Kress, drawing Tibbie close to him, "forgive me. I judged too suddenly; but I didn't think it was in Bell's nature to be so vindictive."

"Let me walk home with Tibbie, sir," said Mr. Vanneker. "You are in a hurry, and she does not seem able to walk fast."

They did not make great haste back to Mrs. Duckworth's cottage—not by any means. They walked around by the river, where the leaf buds were swelling out and there was a faint, sweet smell of growing grass; they lingered under the alders, and stopped to rest by the moss-grown churchyard wall; and when at last they reached the cottage, and Vanneker parted from her at the door, old Mrs. Duckworth nodded her head and looked wondrously wise.

"I don't a bit mind my pudding being over-baked now," said she. "Bless me! don't I know what it all means? There's a ring on her finger that wasn't there this time yesterday; there's a look in her eyes that warms my heart. Well, well, Easter is a lucky day to get engaged upon!"

And Mrs. Duckworth was not far wrong in her conjectures.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

At the foot of Main street, in Danbury, Conn., stands a house built by Elnathan Osborn in 1696. It is a low, hip-roofed house, studded with enormous beams, and lighted by very small diamond window panes. When the British under Tryon fired the village this was the only house spared.

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS.

A SUBJECT WHICH HAS ALWAYS PUZZLED MANKIND.

Those of Prophetic Character—Singular Instances of Fulfillment—Theories of Philosophers.

A recent dream story is from the Lewiston, Maine, *Journal*, and is as follows: George Moore, the clerk of the Hotel North at Augusta, recently had a dream that is worth telling. Andrew Jeck, the veteran railway postal clerk, boards at the hotel, and as he goes out on the early morning train he at night leaves an order to be called at 4.30 A. M. by the porter. Moore has been accustomed to put down this order at night whether Jeck left it or not. One night Moore dreamed that he had failed to put down this order. In his vision he saw Jeck arriving at the station just as the train was going out. He saw him staggering along with an immense load of mail bags on his shoulders, and with great beads of sweat on his forehead, painfully running after the train on the track trying vainly to catch it. With a jump Moore awoke and asked himself whether he had failed to put down Jeck's call. He could not remember, but hastily slipped into his clothes and went down stairs to see. The order was not on the book. Strange to say the hands of the clock pointed directly to 4.30. Moore went up and called Jeck himself on time.

Anybody may have a dream, although there are some who never do; but the prophetic dream is the one of real value. Some persons have declared that many of the most important affairs of life were presignified to them in sleep, and that they had been most profitably guided by these prognostics. Certain it is that dreams do not appear ever to have been regarded as wholly unworthy of attention. We perceive the extraordinary value and importance attached to them in the Bible, where many wonderful things of the sort are recorded, and where they are never spoken of but as of predictive character. This is true both of the Old and New Testament, and we know that even the birth of the Saviour was preceded by a phenomenon of the kind. It is noticeable that few or none of the Scriptural dreams actually prophecied the exact course of events. They were typical and required interpretation.

In ancient times there were professors who understood the science of elucidation, and whose services were in constant demand. Pliny states that Amphictyon was the first and Hieronymus the most gifted. The grandson of Aristides, Lysemachus by name, stood in the streets in Athens and interpreted for money. Some of the expositors were overrun with clients, for, in truth, there never was a time when people were not anxious to learn something about the future. Things seen in sleep seem so likely to throw light on it that the Greeks had a custom when they were in doubt about a particular event, to solicit information during the hours of slumber by propitiatory sacrifices.

So strong was this belief that the impression prevailed that nothing of great consequence occurred that was not foreshadowed in this way. The death of Alexander and afterward of Cæsar was so foretold. Calphurnia warned her husband, but he would not listen to her. Marius dreamed that he saw the bow of Attila broken and the King of the Huns passed away the same night. Sylla saw his own death in advance and Caracella his own assassination. Socrates, had he lived in our day, would have been a spiritual medium. He relates that he was attended by a familiar demon who guided his conduct and averted dangers. Before the death of the philosopher a white lady came to him in his sleep and quoted to him a certain line in the ninth book of Homer.

The birth of Pericles was indicated by a dream, as was that of Augustus. The mother of the Mohammed dreamed that the sun entered her house and illumined every building in Mecca. Joan of Arc dreamed that she was delivered of a thunderbolt, and the mother of William the Conquerer that her intestines covered the whole land of Normandy. There are, it might almost be said, innumerable stories of this kind.

So firm is the popular belief that peril and misfortune are often averted by warnings in sleep, that after nearly every great accident or disaster reported in the newspapers, such as steamship collisions, conflagrations and the like, statements are sure to appear made by individuals who had been vouchsafed a special prognostic enabling them to avoid the peril. Whether these stories may be always relied upon is, perhaps, uncertain.

The handsome Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham, father of the profligate of Charles II.'s court, it will be remembered was assassinated. He filled an important space in the public eye, and was a romantic figure. It was natural that, after his remarkable death, there should be brought out singular stories concerning it. His sister, the Countess of Denbigh, on the night before his murder dreamed that she was riding in her coach when she heard a loud shout. Asking the cause she was told that her brother had just been murdered. A few days before a gentleman had enquired of a Scotch seer what he thought of this nobleman, who was then at the height of his power as court favorite. "He will come to naught," was the reply, "for I see a dagger sticking in his heart." There are various other narratives of similar import, and possibly such cases are a good deal like earthquakes—when one of the latter occurs everybody is anxious to have it understood that he felt it in his particular locality, too, although he may not have thought the fact worth mentioning until he observed other people coming forward with their experiences.

There can be no doubt, however, that events are frequently foreshadowed in dreams. In the literature of the subject the philosophers will be found abundantly able to explain all the strange occurrences of the sort on principles at least eminently satisfactory to themselves. The laws of association are the greatest reliance—what we think much about in the day we are pretty certain to dream of at night. But the testimony of another kind is too profuse. There are thousands of instances on record in which peculiar dreams were fulfilled in an extraordinary manner and which are not to be explained by the caprices of association or any other similar theory. —*Baltimore News.*

On a card in a Philadelphia street car is this legend: "Advertising is a great deal like making love to a widow—it can't be overdone."

If there be more pleasure in abundance, there is more security in a mean estate.

UNDER THE CHESTNUTS.

We stood beneath the chestnuts beside the river bank,
So still the swallows swooped and poised, and from the streamlet drank;
The sun beyond the purple moors was setting in the west,
With the clouds like vassals round him, in gold and crimson drest.
You said the word that made life full of hope and joy to me,
And at our feet Ure shone and gleamed, on rushing to the sea.

I stood beneath the chestnuts, beside the river bank,
And from the robin's vesper song, as if it hurt me, shrank;
The sun beyond the purple moors was setting in the west;
I thought, so set my happiness, with all that life loves best.
And no one whispered "Be of cheer," no hand held help to me,
And at my feet Ure shone and gleamed, on rushing to the sea.

Ah, still beneath the chestnuts, beside the river bank,
Will other glad young lovers the golden evening thank?
The sun beyond the purple moors sink glorious to his rest,
And hear the pleading promise made, thy trusting love confessed?
And other maidens meet the fate that wrecked my life and me,
While all the while Ure shines and gleams, and rushes to the sea!
—*All the Year Round.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A bad habit—An ill-fitting riding dress.—*Graphic.*

"Just bought this donkey, Jones. What do you think of my purchase?" "Most remarkable case of self-possession I ever knew."—*Rambler.*

Young men and women of the world,
Just read it as you run,
You'll find more truth than poetry
In life before you're done.
—*Merchant Traveler.*

"Gladstone's bill," remarked old Mrs. Badger petulantly. "I've heard of that for the past ten months. It seems to me it was time for Mr. Gladstone to pay his bills.—*Graphic.*

Ambitious Amateur—"What part are you going to let me play in 'Hamlet?'" Manager—"The skull, of course; you haven't got brains enough for anything else."—*Boston Budget.*

For the information of those girls whose faces freckle in the spring we announce that freckles can be dug out with a meat axe or filed off with a rasp.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

He lives most
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best,
Brings in the coal
And lets his wife do all the rest.
—*Merchant Traveler.*

What is the sense of the pagan Chinese claiming to be an industrious people, when all the world knows they are an Idol class of mortals.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Husband (impatiently to wife)—"I told you I only wanted half a cup of tea, and, as usual, you've filled it to the top. Don't you know what half full is?" Mother-in-law (grimly)—"She ought to by this time."—*New York Sun.*

THE YOUTH'S HARD LINES.

In summer as in winter
The young man's purse is low;
It makes no difference if flowers
Be on the ground, or snow;
For fair Clorinda just the same
Delights in love's young dream;
It then was oysters and the ball—
'Tis now vanilla cream!
—*Tid-Bits.*

The Congressional Cemetery.

The Congressional Cemetery at Washington consists of forty acres, lying on Anacostia river, and it was laid out in 1807. Since then several acres have been added. Many distinguished men are buried there, but many more whose bones lie elsewhere have cenotaphs of freestone there. An act was passed by Congress providing that every Senator or representative who died in his term of office should have a memorial stone in the Congressional Cemetery. These stones are in the shape of gigantic cheese boxes, and long rows of them produce a most grotesque effect. The first in line on the left hand is inscribed "The Honorable John Quincy Adams, a Representative in the Congress of the United States, from the State of Mass. Died February 13, 1848, aged seventy-nine years." Mr. Adams, however, is buried in Quincy, Mass.

At the other end of the collection are two inscribed respectively to the Hon. John C. Calhoun and to the Hon. Henry Clay. The future antiquarian might suppose that these gladiators rest side by side. Far from it. Calhoun is buried in Charleston, South Carolina, and Henry Clay in Ashland, Kentucky. Among those whose bones really rest in the cemetery are Thaddeus Stevens, Preston H. Brooks, who created a sensation by caning Mr. Sumner in the Senate chamber; Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; Vice-President George Clinton, and Tobias Lear, who was for fifteen years the private secretary and intimate friend of Washington. He was present at his deathbed and was the last person addressed by the Father of his Country.

Here also lies Stephen Henry Fox, a nephew of Charles James Fox, who was British Envoy, and died in 1846. Among the fine monuments in the cemetery is one erected to William Wirt, Attorney-General of the United States. The custom of erecting cenotaphs to members of Congress has of late years fallen into disuse.—*New York Sun.*

Right-Handed and Left-Legged.

"Do you see that blind man walking there with a stick?" asked a policeman yesterday. A blind man was crossing City Hall Park. "Every once in a while his stick bumps against the curb on the left side, which of course is his right side. He steps a few feet away, you see, tries to walk straight ahead, but keeps gaining all the time toward the curb. Now, why don't he sometimes go to the other side? I'll tell you why—the man is right-handed, consequently left-legged. He unconsciously takes a more vigorous step with his left leg than with his right. It's so with all men who are right-handed, and vice-versa. I proved it once when I was on the Central Park police force. Eight of us patrolmen, when off duty, went to a broad grass plot at the upper end of the park, where our footprints would be easily seen. One by one we blindfolded each other, and each man started out to walk straight across that plot. We were all right-handed but one. One man went around in a circle not more than fifty feet in diameter. If you don't believe you are left-legged, try it some day."—*New York Star.*

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1886.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Salem N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
FOR 1886.

$1.50 A YEAR.

The PRESS entered its thirty-fourth volume on January 1st, 1886.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., Jan. 5, 1886.

M. W. Norfleet, chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Forsyth county, has called a convention to be held in Winston on July 5th, to appoint delegates to the Judicial convention to be held in Yadkinville on the 16th of July, also to the Congressional convention to be held in Greensboro, on a day not yet fixed.—*Daily.*

—Oregon has gone Democratic, electing the Governor by 1,500 or 2,000 votes. The Legislature is also Democratic. At the last Goveror's election the Republican majority was 14,126.

—We read of unprecedented floods in the Eastern part of the State washing away a number of mills and ruining the cotton and other crops.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.—A State reception was given by President Cleveland Tuesday evening, attended by the diplomatic corps, the judiciary, Congress, officers of the army and navy and their families. A general public reception will be given Friday evening.

FOREIGN.—Orangemen in Belfast, Ireland, were rioting last week. On the night of the 9th instant, the mob wrecked one hundred houses in the city, two of which were burned. The rioters broke into several whiskey stores, and possessed themselves of the contents. In the various assaults made by the police upon the rioters, 25 of the latter have been severely wounded by buckshot fired at them. Eight or ten of the rioters have died from the wounds received. The police force has been increased, and quiet has been restored. But the Orangemen are said to be preparing for revenge on the police for firing into their ranks.

—The entire class of Naval cadets of 1884, numbering thirty-nine have been successful at its final examination in the Naval Academy. Nearly thirty will be retained in the Navy; the rest will be honorably discharged with one year's pay.

The following are the dates of the opening and closing of normal schools, in the summer of 1886: Ashville, July 6th, three weeks; Franklin July 5th to 31st; Boone, July 6th four weeks; Winston, July 6th to 23; Wilson June 1st, to 31st Washington, July 12th four weeks; Elizabeth City, July 14th, three weeks; Newbern, (colored) June 21st.

—Raleigh, June 9.—To-day the Supreme Court affirmed the judgment of Wake county Superior Court in the case of Gooch and Smith, white men, charged with the murder of John A. Cheatham a merchant of this city, a year ago. Both men were convicted to be hanged, but appealed. They will be resentenced at the August term of the Superior Court.

ACQUITED.—On Saturday last, Mr H. C. Long was formally arraigned before Judge Meares, of the criminal court of Charlotte, charged with the killing of his father-in-law Mr W. F. Cuthbertson, on Wednesday afternoon, 9th inst. The evidence pointed clearly to a case of self-defense, it having been proven that Cuthbertson had made frequent assaults upon the prisoner, and uttered many threats against his life. The jury was out only seventeen minutes when they brought in a verdict of not guilty.—*Visitor.*

Information wanted of the where abouts of my husband, B. F. McCullen, a painter, whom I mourn as dead. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his troubled wife. Papers of the South please copy. Any information of his where abouts may be sent to Mrs. B. F. McCullen, Beaufort, N. C.

Statesville *Landmark*: In Beaver Creek township there are nine persons living in sight of each other, the youngest of whom is 76 years of age and the oldest 94. Seven of the nine are Fergusons. —Joseph Finley Wyatt, a boy living in Mulberry township is seven years old and weighed 120 pounds on his birthday.

—W. E. V. Jackson, janitor of the United States Government building at Raleigh, died in the insane asylum on Wednesday of last week, of meningetis.

—PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for July is brimful of beautiful things. The first embellishment, "The Rival Belles," representing three lovely women, is a steel-engraving in the highest style of art, and alone worth the price of the number. Every lady ought to take "Peterson." It is perfect, as a lady's book. Now is a good time to subscribe, a new volume beginning with this number. The terms are but Two Dollars a year, with great deductions to clubs, viz: a club of three for $5.25, *with an extra copy for one year for getting up the club.* Other clubs are still more enticing, with more costly premiums. Specimens are sent gratis, with full particulars, to those wishing to get up clubs. Address CHAS. J. PETERSON, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By the bye, we club "Peterson" with our paper. For $3.00, we will send a copy of both for one year.

The eruption of Mount Aetna has ceased.

Report of Forsyth County Board of Education.

To the Commissioners and Magistrates of Forsyth County:

We herewith submit a brief report of the proceedings and expenses of the County Board of Education which has now been in operation one year. We have adopted as the policy of the Board to protect and improve school property belonging to the county, and, except in cases of absolute necessity, to refuse the sub-division of districts, on the ground that more advantages would be secured for the pupils, if the present school houses were improved, and a higher grade of teachers employed.

The re-appointment of District Committeemen was accomplished with much care, and it is with pleasure that we report evident harmony and satisfaction in nearly all the districts at the close of the schools. The Board feels that much depends upon good committeemen, and as are acceptable to the patrons of the schools. With this in view the following resolution was passed by the Board.

"*Resolved*, That in future whenever a change of a School Committeeman in any District is desired, then the patrons of the School in such District are requested to meet and recomend the names of at least five men, who would be suitable for the place of Committeeman; and such recommendation shall count in the votes cast for each person named, and the number of children represented by each vote. The final choice of Committeeman must be made by the County Board of Education, according to Section 2,553 of the Public School Law.

The meeting of the Board have been regularly attended, except in unavoidable cases, and the Board herewith wishes to express its satisfaction at the thorough and efficient services rendered by its Secretary—the County Superintendent.

The entire expenses of the Board for one year, including per diem and mileage of members, salary of County Superintendent, stationary, printing, fuel, furniture for room; visits to schools by the Superintendent, &c., amounts to $312.75.

The entire fund available for public school purposes for 1886 was as follows: In hands of Treasurer from previous years,

Special fund set apart by county Com'rs,	480.79	
Surplus, 1885,	40.42	521.21
Amount from Sheriff,		13,633.00
Fines and penalties,		473.65
Total,		$14,627.86

The following amounts have been appropriated.

For Winston Graded Schools,	4,252.66	
For Public Schools, white;	6,579.00	
For Public Schools, colored,	2,004.60	
For County Instute,	100.00	
For Treas. Commissions,	295.62	
For County Board from January 1st,	269.64	
For weaker schools white,	226.32	
For weaker schools colored,	7.69	
For balances due districts in settlement 1885,	102.54	14038.07
Balance		$589.79

If the necessary repairs were made and the school houses in the more populous districts properly enlarged this balance would soon be exhausted. The Board will endeavor to accomplish these repairs from time to time without asking for additional taxation for school purposes, hoping that the school fund will be increased annually by the increase of real estate, and a more equitable valuation of property throughout the county.

All of which is respectfully submitted by the Forsyth County Board of Education.

H. E. FRIES, Chm'n.

STOKES COUNTY.

From the Reporter and Post.

The Board of Commissioners of Stokes county met June 7th 1886.

Paid out to 42 outside paupers $2,00 for 3 months.

Allowed sundry claims against county amounting to $210,70.

The following Jury drawn for August Court viz: FIRST WEEK

J. P. Lawson, Wm. M. Loyd. A. J. Tilly, Drury Smith, J. M. Gatewood, Albert Boyles, A. H. Hartgrave, Gid Moore, Charles Bowman, D. F. Tillotson, S. M. Ward, G. G. Boles, Chas. P. Reid, Lews Terry, C. R. Lawson, Peter F. Overby, Sam M. Jesip, W. H. Smith, Jocob Fulton, J. H. Mitchel, J. Calvin Southern Caleb Hill, R. G. Joyce, W. H. Thrower, James M. Birge, S. L. Hauser, E. S. Amos, John W. Davis Watt Fulton, R. R. Hart, Wesley Mitchel, S. M. Shelton Jr., A. J. Gann, J. N. Martin Rufus Compell, H. W. Gordon.

SECOND WEEK.

Wm. Neal, W. G Meadown, J. H. Covington, E. J. Helseback, Haywod Taylor, Js. P. Allen, W. P. Ray, J. H. Spainhour W. N. Blackburn Spencer Isom, A. J Flibin, John H. Ally, C. F. Shepherd, Arch Fry Sr, James Hawkins, J. M. Gordon, J. Z. Dalton.

The following Commissioners were elected; A. M. Boyles, C. M. Lasley and Caleb Hill.

Rev. J. R. Scroggs was elected Superintendent of Public schools.

Committee of Finance: Dr. W. A. Lash, Dr. Frank Pringle, and Major L. W. Anderson, were elected for two years.

The same levy was made as last year, making the total State, County and school taxes 66⅔ cents on the $100,00 valuation of property, and $2 on the poll.

Ordered that the Commissioners after settlement with the Sheriff ask the next Legislature to grant a special act to levy whatever may be necessary to pay said indebtedness at next actual levy.

A motion was made to rescind a former order abolishing the office of county Treasurer.—which was defeated yeas 2, nays 9.

DAVIE COUNTY.

From the Times.

The old board of county commissioners, were re-elected Monday.

Prof. J. T. Alderman, was unanimously elected, County Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The Davie County Normal will be held in Mocksville during the third and fourth weeks in July. The law requires all teachers to attend.

Mr. J. M. Summers has been awarded the contract to build the bridge over Hunting Creek, near Calahaen. He is to receive $487,50

On last Sunday evening week, a flash of forked lightning struck the dwelling house of Mr. Eugene Johnson, at Farmington. One fork went down the chimney until it came to the stove-pipe, then followed that into the room, knocking the brick from under the feet of the stove, passing through the floor into the ground. The other fork knocked off the northwest end of the house, then passed inside tearing off the plastering in every room in the house. Fortunately no one was in the house at the time.

Taxes for 1886: On real and personal property, 12½ cents; bridges, 6½ cents; special tax, 6½ cents. The taxes will be 6½ cents less than last year.

—DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE for June is filled with an unusual array of interesting articles. Jenny June contributes "The American Drama and its Typical Stars," W. Jennings Demorest, "The Signs of the Times," and Katharine Armstrong, "Art Work in Metal." Other good articles are "Emanuel Geibel," "Rose Hartwick Thorpe," and "China Painting at Home." "That Other Person" is continued and the shorter stories are of interest. The departments including that devoted to the cause of Prohibition, are quite full. The frontispiece is a steel engraving, "The Love Story."

—*St. Nicholas* for June, has the finest specimen of wood for a frontispiece engraving, we have ever seen.

J. T. Trowbridge's new serial "The Kelf Gatherers," is the leading feature of the June *St. Nicholas*. It is a story of boy-life on the Maine coast, with a strong flavor of odventure and a keen sense of boy-nature.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" is continued in a much longer installment than last month's, and we are told how that young nobleman learned to ride, and many other interesting items about him.

The story of George Washington is continued through the exciting events of 1776-7; Henry Eckford has more "Wonders of the Alphabet" to relate; and there are sketches and poems by E. P. Roe, who contributes two dog stories, Helen Gray Cone, C. F. Holder, Mary A. Lathbury, Laura E. Richards, Edith M. Thomas, and others.

Harper's for June opens with an interesting paper on the United States Navy. "Through Cumberland Gap is a characteristic and beautifully illustrated sketch "A Lump of Sugar" gives a descriptson of Sugar industries of the Country including the Manufacture of sorghum Syrup and Sugar. The Stories are good and the Editoral departments spicey and full of amusement and instuction. It is a capital number.

—The *Century* for the current month is full of interest. The frontispiece is a *last* portrait of Benjamin Franklin, after Houdon. "A literary ramble along the Thames is finely illustrated. The story entitled "Meh Lady" is peculiarly fresh and attractive, giving a life like sketch of plantation life in Virginia during the late war. The two full page engravings, illustrating it are perfect gems. "Faith-healing and kindred phenomena" is worth reading. The whole "make up" of this number fully sustains its well earned reputation, for choice engraving and unexceptionable literary matter.

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless that he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and gained in flesh thirty six pounds. Trial Bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Winston, at Dr. Thompson's.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by Dr. V. O. Thompson, Winston, N. C.

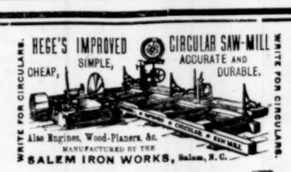
—Cancer doctors are going about, and seeking patients in Davidson County. This may all be well enough, but our opinion is that people should bn careful who they employ to operate on a thing of this nature. If a regular physician cannot manage cancers successfully, it is not likely that it can be done by an inexperienced person who knows nothing about diseases except what he has learned by reading quack circulars. Webster's spelling book teaches us an imporant lesson when it says—"We should not trust our lives to unskillful doctors or drunken sailors."

What Can Be Done.

By trying again and keeping up courage many things seemingly impossible may be attained. Hundreds of hopeless cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint have been cured by Electric Bitters, after everything else had been tried in vain. So, don't think there is no cure for you, but try Electric Bitters. There is no medicine so safe, so pure, and so perfect a Blood Purifier. Electric Bitters will cure Dyspepsia, Diabetes and all Diseases of the Kidneys. Invaluable in affections of Stomach and Liver, and overcome all Urinary Difficulties.

Large Bottles only 50 cts. at Dr. V. O. Thompson's, Winston.

The SALEM IRON WORKS
SALEM, N. C.



Manufacture their own STEAM ENGINES, SAW MILLS, WOOD PLANERS, PULLIES, HANGERS, SHAFTING, &c., THEREFORE CAN OFFER SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO THOSE WISHING TO BUY FIRST CLASS OUTFITS.

Remember, that if you buy your outfit direct from manufacturers, you can save the agents commission.

PRICES LOW.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

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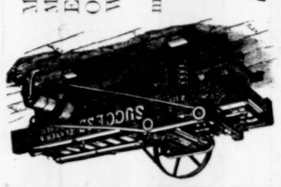

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We are, we believe, the first manufacturers in the South, to build Wood Planers.

T. S. FULLER. I. W. DURHAM.

NEW FIRM! NEW FIRM!
NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

We beg to inform the people of Winston-Salem and the surrounding country that we have opened a nice and well selected stock of

Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Shoes and Groceries, bought exclusively for Cash at Rock Bottom Prices,

and we are determined not to be undersold. Our motto is, "The Best Goods for the Least Money," and we mean to maintain it in every particular.

No trouble to show Goods, so call early and often at OUR CHEAP CASH STORE, and be convinced that you can get the best Goods for the least money. By fair dealing we hope to merit a share of your patronage.

Very truly,

FULLER & DURHAM,

Red Front, Liberty Block, Liberty St., Winston, N. C.

No. 17.—3m.

Receive more Goods, pay more freight, pay more purchase tax and sell more Goods than any house in Town.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. WADE H. BYNUM.

NEW GOODS, SPRING OF 1886.

HINSHAW & BYNUM,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE, STAR BRAND FERTILIZERS, FIELD SEEDS, FARM PRODUCTS AND FARMER'S SUPPLIES.

FOURTH ST., - WINSTON, N. C.

WE received and sold during the year of 1885 one hundred eighty-two and one-half car loads Merchandise, 3,947,065 pounds, on which we paid ten thousand, three hundred and twelve dollars freight. Our sales this year have been very much larger than up to this time last year.

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT.

In this department we are fully prepared to meet the wants of the trade and able to meet any and all competition from every source. We invite an examination of our stock and prices.

RETAIL DEPARTMENTS.

We buy our Coffees in large lots from importers, Sugars from the refineries, Syrups, Molasses, Oils, Meats, Flour and Ship Stuff in car load lots at the lowest cash prices.

WE ALSO BUY IN LARGE QUANTITIES

Leather, White Lead, Ropes, Buckets, Tubs, Kegs, Drugs, Fish, Glass, Putty, Tin-Ware and hundreds of other things,

HARDWARE.

Nails, Horse and Mule Shoes, Axes, Shovels, Spades, Forks, Mattocks, Handled Hoes, Locks, Hinges, Pocket and Table Knives, Files, Grass Scythes, Grain Scythes and Cradles, Saws, Steel Plows and a full line of Staple Hardware as cheap as the cheapest.

HATS.

We buy them in large quantities by the solid case which enables us to sell them for less money than the same goods can be bought elsewhere from parties not buying to same advantage.

SHOES AND BOOTS.

We make these a specialty, and in addition to a full line of other makes we have increased our assortment of the celebrated BAY STATE SHOES AND BOOTS. Also have a splendid assortment of T. MILES' SON'S Men's and Ladies' fine Shoes. There are no equals to these Shoes. We have the control of them in this market and sell them very low. Our Men's RANDOLPH $2.00 Shoes are the best home-made Calf Skin Shoes for the money we have ever seen.

We have in stock Children's Shoes of every good style from 25 cents to $2.00 per pair, Misses' from 60 cents to $3.00 per pair, Ladies, including Slippers, Oxford Ties, Cloth Gaiters and Foxed Gaiters from 75 cents to $5.50 per pair, Boys' and Men's Shoes from 60 cents to $7.50 per pair. Boots $1.00 to $6.00 per pair

We Have in Stock more than 5,000 Pair.

MEN'S GOODS.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Jeans, Cottonades, Drills, Shirtings, Gauze and Dress Shirts, Collars, Half Hose, Suspenders, and a full line of furnishing goods.

FRIES' Jeans, Cottonades, Cotton Yarn, Bed Laps Arista Sheeting, EAGLE & PHŒNIX Jeans, Cottonades, Tickings, Shirtings and Ball Sewing Cotton, CEDAR FALLS Sheeting. L. B. & L. S. HOLT'S Plaids, J. & P. COATS' Spool Cotton and many other goods at factory prices

EXCELSIOR COOK STOVES the best, for sale only by us.

LADIES GOODS.

Very large stock of NEW DRESS GOODS of every description, Trimmings, Hosiery, Summer Underwear, Corsets, Gloves, and a full line of NOTIONS at prices lower than you can buy them elsewhere.

WE CALL ESPECIAL ATTENTION TO OUR LINE OF CASHMERES, being wholesale buyers we buy in larger quantities than any of our competitors and get greater advantages in our purchases. Our expenses in this department are less than those of any other house, all of which enables us to sell at very low prices. The Ladies are cordially invited to examine our goods and prices.

FERTILIZERS.

STAR BRAND SPECIAL TOBACCO MANURE for growing fine Tobacco, STAR BRAND GUANO for Tobacco, Corn, Oats, Cotton, Wheat and Vegetables. There is no equal to the STAR BRAND SPECIAL TOBACCO MANURE. There is more fine tobacco grown from the use of it than is grown by the use of all its competitors. In the field, in the curing, in the color, in the weight and in the price on the warehouse floor, its superior quality is fully demonstrated. We have known a number of instances this year where the tobacco grown from the use of one sack sold from $200 to $350. The fine tobacco is all that pays the farmer to grow and the STAR BRAND SPECIAL is the best fertilizer made for producing this grade. STANDARD FULLY GUARANTEED, prices lower than last year.

NO CHANGE IN TERMS.

Knowing by experience that it is better for us and for our customers we have adopted the cash system in our retail departments and sell goods at a very small margin of profit ONLY FOR CASH OR SALEABLE COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Come and see us, examine and price our goods.

Yours very truly,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

24th 1886.

WE DON'T SAY MUCH,

But we merely want the people to try us.

J. HOFFLIN & CO.,

TWIN CITY

CLOTHING HOUSE,

CORNER STORE, GRAY BLOCK.

FINE MEN'S CLOTHING

FINE YOUTH'S CLOTHING!

AND

BOYS' CLOTHING,

FROM ONE DOLLAR UP.

CORNER STORE, GRAY BLOCK.

TWIN CITY CLOTHING HOUSE.

OF

J. HOFFLIN & CO.,

CORNER STORE,

GRAY BLOCK.

J. HOFFMAN'S

NEW DR. GOODS STORE.

JUST RECEIVED

FROM AUCTION:

FIFTY [50] PIECES

OF STRAW MATTING,

From $5.00 a Piece of 40 Yards and Upwards.

J. HOFFMAN.

Winston, N. C., May 6, 1886.

M. W. NORFLEET. J. S. SCALES.

PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE,

WINSTON, N. C.

For the Sale of Leaf Tobacco.

Main building 190x60 with an M 40x70, containing 14,300 square feet floor room. Basement under warehouse for storage and handling both planters and shippers Tobacco. The building, unlike any other in the city, has both sky lights and side lights with more than three thousand (3,000) panes of glass, thereby admitting the bright rays of sun light which shows the golden leaf to best advantage, and insuring for it the

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE.

Two additional Camp-Rooms have been added, making a more and comfortable room for planters. New stalls have been built making ample accomodation for stock.

We extend a hearty welcome to all, both old and new customers, and promise renewed efforts for their interest.

Personal attention given to the sale of every parcel of Tobacco whether pianter or shipper be present or absent. Our Leaf Dealers and Manufacturers will handle many millions of pounds this season and the Winston market will be equal to any in liberal prices. We would advise the marketing of a portion of the best, and brightest grades of the crop during winter, and early spring, retaining the common and greenish grades until later in the season—when the demand may be greater.

H. J. CRUTE, as Auctioneer, has no superior in the city. W. A. WEBSTER, of Rockingham, Floor Manager, looks well to your interest. J. M. JESSUP, Assistant Floor Manager, is always glad to see you. JNO. R. TAYLOR and ED. STRAYHORN on sale with book and statement, make quick the count on each parcel as sold. W. LONG, of Yadkin, marks the tag that tells the price. S. T. NEAL passes out promptly your check that draws the cash at Vaughn & Pepper's.

WHEN YOU ARE READY COME TO PIEDMONT.

Your Friends,

M. W. NORFLEET & CO.

No. 16-3m.

HARDWARE.

McCormick MOWERS & REAPERS.	MACHINERY of all kinds.	HARNESS, of all styles.
Clipper and F. F. PLOWS.	ENGINES & BOILERS.	Manufactured by us and Guaranteed
Hoes, Traces,	Mill Supplies,	1st CLASS.
Hames, &c.	Belting and Oils.	Patent Riveted Collars.
	Corn and Flour Mills	

A Large Line of COOK STOVES, PAINTS, OILS, &c.

Special attention to Wholesale Trade. Come and see us, or write for prices.

BROWN, ROGERS & CO, Winston, N. C.

Mar 25-3m

THE CHEAPEST YET!!

GOOD CALICOES at 3¾ cents per yard. DRESS LAWNS at 3¾ cents per yard. HOMESPUNS at 4½ cents per yard. SHOES from 50 cents per pair up.

CLOTHING AT NEW YORK PRICES.

TRUNKS, VALISES, &c., AT NEW YORK PRICES.

HATS FROM 5 CENTS EACH UP.

and everything else CHEAP in proportion. We have just opened in the North Store Room of the NEW BUXTON & SHELTON BLOCK.

WE DEFY COMPETITION

and stand to it that you can't buy Goods as CHEAP elsewhere, and invite you to come AT ONCE, as our Goods are GOING OFF RAPIDLY at the above figures.

Very respectfully,

May 27-3m. J. W. DAVIS & CO.

DON'T

BUY YOUR

TOMBSTONES,

UNTIL YOU SEE

I. W. DURHAM,

WINSTON, N. C.

DESIGNS MAILED FREE.

No. 17.—3m.

BROWN'S WAREHOUSE,

THE LEADING HOUSE

In the Winston Market for 14 Years.

—OFFERS YOU—

The very best light for showing Tobacco.
The best of accommodations.
The coolest House in Summer.
Good handling for your Tobacco.
The best of Auctioneers.
Close attention to every parcel when being sold.
Guarantees the highest market prices.

YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME

day or night and whether first or last sale,

DRIVE TO BROWN'S.

Yours Truly,

BROWN & CARTER.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17 1886.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

No. 9 Leaves Salem,		6.30 a. m.
" 10 Arrives "		11.25 a. m.
" 11 Leaves "		6.55 p. m.
" 12 Arrives "		1.17 a. m.

—Miss Welfare's school closed Monday.

—See tax-listing notice in Winston township.

—Wm. Early and wife, of Va., are visiting relatives here.

—The Baptist Sunday School picnic has been postponed until next Friday.

—Rev. Robert deSchweinitz, of Bethlehem, Pa., is the guest of J. W. Fries, Esq.

—H. L. Beckerdite presented us with the photographs of his 3 pretty children, taken by Hough, in Winston.

—Among the contributions to the Oxford Orphan Asylum, we notice several dozen ladies straw hats from Mrs. T. B. Douthit, of this place.

—The concert given by the Winston Fire Company on Saturday night was well attended, the gross receipts amounting to about $105.

—The Belo House, Salem, and the Central Hotel, Winston, are filled with visitors and patrons of the Academy attending the Commencement exercises.

—We acknowledge the receipt of a very handsomely printed complimentary invitation to attend the "Twin City Club Reception," Thursday evening Thanks.

—The Orphan's Entertainment in the Opera House, Winston, last Friday night, is said to have had a large and appreciative audience, realizing a handsome sum.

—The opening exercises of the Broad Street Baptist Church, in Winston last Sunday, was well attended. Sunday School in the new church every Sunday evening.

—Trough the kindness of Dr. H. T. Bahnson, on Saturday last, we saw an "Osborn Reaper and Binder" in operation on his farm. The machine worked well in every way.

The anniversary exercises of Mt. Pleasant Sunday School on Sunday last, is represented as having been an interesting occasion. Several neighboring schools joined in the exercises.

—The young people of Pfafftown gave an interesting dramatic entertainment last Saturday night, which was attended by 500 people of the neighborhood. The performers were all sons and daughters of farmers, and did themselves immense credit.

—*Progressive Farmer.*

—We learn that Frank Heisler, of this place, who is at the Eliza Blevin's Spring, Ashe county, is improving from the use of the water. The water has such wonderful properties that it is shipped to a considerable distance. It is especially good for old sores, &c.

WANTED AT ONCE

200 cords good cord wood for which the highest market price will be paid, at the

SALEM IRON WORKS.
Salem, N. C.

—On Tuesday, June 1st, the Commencement exercises of Oak Ridge Institute took place. This school is located in a healthy section, and is in a very prosperous condition. The new building, containing chapel and halls for the societies, is well arranged. The chapel will seat 1,800 people. The speeches of the graduating class were far above the average. Among the Forsyth boys we notice Oscar Shepperd, Robert Nissen, Waughtown, Cox, Winston, Grubb, Walkertown and Willie R. Hine, Salem, Hon. Beverly B. Munford, of Va., delivered the address.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending June 12th, 1886:

Ladies.

Mrs. E. L. Benton, Marthey Haines, Miss May Myers, Miss Nannie Newsom, Miss Mary E. Payne.

Gentlemen.

John Cociett, Emanuel Fishel, Henry Hooks, Capt. A. S. Haynes, Rev. M. E. R. Lyons, Mr. Manuel Reed, W. R. Smith, Mr. Isaac Spaugh, Mr. Edward Sides, John Tucker, Solomon Tesh.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for advertised letters.

If not called for within one month they will be sent to the dead letter office.

T. B. DOUTHIT, P. M.

COUNTY MATTERS.—The following additional business was transacted at the late meetiing of the County Commissioners:

Sheriff Boyer was given the keeping of the Court House at $40 per annum.

The Clerk was ordered to advertire the letting out of the County Poor House for one year, from August to August, and receiving sealed bids for same until 1st Monday in July next.

Len Ketner was paid $5.21 per month for keeping and surporting Even McKnight a blind boy, for the space of 6 months.

SURRY COUNTY.

From the Mt. Airy News.

The Justices of the Peace and County Commissioners met at Dobson Monday and transacked considerable basiness. The old Board, Capt. F. Miller, J. A. Park, were re elected. Rev. J. H. Lewellin, who has served so long and so very acceptable as County Superintendent of Public Instruction, was reelected This we endorse most emphatically. We are glad the Board of Commissioners hold over—you can't beat it in Surry county.

—For Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Articles, go to ASHCRAFT & OWENS, Druggists, Winston, N. C.

SALEM FEMALE ACADEMY.

Annual Sermon.

A bright Whitsuntide greeted us on the 13th inst., the day appointed for the delivery of the Baccalaureate Sermon before the scholars of this time-honored institution.

At 10:30 a large congregation assembled in the Moravian church, and Dr. Rondthaler prayed the Whitsuntide litany, and Rev. John H Clewell read the lessons for the day.

The choir then sang an excellent and appropriate anthem, in which Miss Gertrude Siewers gave a charming and well executed solo.

Dr. E. Rondthaler, Principal of the Academy, then addressed his beloved pupils. We have space only for a sketch of the main points of the sermon, which was excellent and favorably commented on by everybody.

Text, "Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women." Luke 1 c., 28 verse. After announcing the text, Dr. Rondthaler said:

In the New Testament we find no sign of worship offered to the virgin Mary, the maiden to whom this rapturous heavenly greeting came. In the early church during its four best and purest centuries, the mother of Jesus was never allowed to become an object of adoration. The opinon was, "Let Mary be in honor. Let the Lord be worshipped. Let no one worship Mary." To this position concerning Mary, we as protestants, firmly hold. In a word, so far as Mary is portrayed to us in the Scriptures, she is, as we should have expected, the most tender, the most faithful, humble, patient and loving of women, but a woman still. Christ said, in answer to the peculiar high blessedness of his mother among women, "Yea, rather blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." Mary should be kept before us as a fair and lovely example for all, and apply the text to all her sex in whom the same spiritual conditions are fulfilled.

The first point in Mary's example which strikes us is *faith*. It was the feature of her character which so attracted and rejoiced the heart of her kinswoman Elisabeth. "Blessed is she that believeth, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." Mary's faith was no form, no family heirloom, but a strong individual conviction, a genuine faith, so highly favored in the sight of God, and gives character to his followers. A woman's sphere in life is usually limited when compared with that of man, and is weak in the same comparison, though not of inferiority. Her Magna charta in the story of creation declares her essentially equal with the man. Her position requires delicacy and refinement of organization.

The next point in Mary's character is her *thoughtfulness*. It is told, "Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart. Her thoughtfulness came out of the Jewish text-book, the only one in their schools, viz: the Holy Scriptures. A thoughtfulness which commends itself to all. The answer the worthy pastor gave to the oft repeated question, as to the advantages of higher education for woman was, that she needs the intellectual discipline given her in the schools, as she has less opportunity in her more secluded sphere to learn by experience. The mother has the training of the children, and educated thought is highly essential, especially in the moral training, and is one of woman's strong defences.

The third point of Mary's example is her *tenderness*. Deep, true feeling is woman's greatest wealth, and in saying this I do not underestimate her intellectual needs. Her thoughtfulness is the bridle which she should have well in hand, but her strong and tender feelings is the steed which must bear her joyously and nobly over her allotted course in life. Oh, says one, our thoughts may and must be trained, but our feelings are natural, and we have them for better or for worse. Natural feelings are stunted growths that need training as well as thoughts, and even more so, if possible. The training is different as it comes by experiment of self sacrifice in actual life. The shallow feelings are expanded into sweetly quiet depths. The last we hear of Mary in the Bible is that she was engaged in prayer.

The tender care of mothers, daughters, sisters, during the late war was touchingly drawn, and every one was made sensible that truly tenderness in feeling was one of the loveliest attributes of woman.

Among the many legends which cluster around those years of Mary's life, concern ng which authentic history is silent, there is one which is very beautiful. It says that in the 23rd year of our Lord's ascension, Mary felt an inexpressible yearning to be with her son. Then an angel appeared and announced to her that on the 3rd day her soul should be taken from her body, and he placed a palm branch from paradise in her hands, and desired that it should be carried before her bier. When the 2d day arrived it was even so, and the apostle John carried the palm from paradise before the bier.

In conclusion, Dr. Rondthaler addressed the graduating class in a very affecting manner, alluding to their separation, probably never seeing each other again here below, and extending his best wishes for their future happiness. And whenever thinking of the old Academy might their sentiments be those of the aged and honored widow of a President of the United States. The following letter was then read:

Miss E. A. Lehman, Senior Teacher of the Salem Female Academy:

MY DEAR MISS LEHMAN:—Please accept my sincere acknowledgments for the number of the *Academy* so kindly sent me. It is particularly interesting and acceptable, as everything relating to the old and always revered and beloved Alma Mater, attracts my attention and regard. There are probably not more than one or two living now who shared with me those bright and fleeting hours. Miss Louisa Kramsh, afterwards Mrs. Blickenderfer, was one of my teachers and ever since gratefully remembered. I am now in the evening of my life, approaching the dusky, twilight, which, however, is not dark, but clear and bright, with the shining stars to guide me.

I am with consideration and much regard,

Most truly yours,
MRS. JAMES K. POLK,

Polk Place, Nashville, Tenn., May 21, 1886.

The sermon was concluded as follows:

But whether the end come sooner or later, my hearts desire for you is that in your sphere you may have exercised such faith, may have shown such thoughtfulness and tenderness of character, may have cultivated such holy self-denial in the atmosphere of prayer that you may deserve, through grace, the palm branch from the paradise of God.

On Tuesday evening the graduates read their essays. We publish the programme elsewhere A pleasant feature was Dr. Rodthaler's introduction of the former popular President of the Academy, Rev. Robert DeSchweinitz, who responded in some pleasant remarks It is over twenty-one years since Rev. Mr. DeSchweinitz retired. During the trying times of the late war he was at the helm, and successfully directed the school, numbering over 300 pupils, representing nearly every Southern State. He meets a hearty welcome from our people and many of his former pupils. The exercises were long, but the good order and attention of the audience evinced an interest in the exercises.

The opening chorus "GALLIA," by Gounod, performed the first time in the South, is a bright and ringing composition, and was exceedingly well rendered by the singing class. Prof. Agthe was at the piano, and he has reason to be proud of the promt recognition of the class to his able direction, especially the latter part. Miss Swift's solo was fine. Misses Goslen and Sawyer, played well. Misses Hill and Pegram rendered their duet exceedingly well. Miss McRae's song was the gem of the evening, and received a merited encore. Miss Peterson's piano playing was good. Misses Mickey and Hege, rendered their duet in excellent style.

The essays were all above the average in composition and well read. The floral offerings were immense, and at the close the platform contained a bank of flowers, making a rare and beautiful scene.

COMMENCEMENT.

The Commencement exercises to day at 9 a. m.

Hon W. C. P. BRECKENRIDGE, Orator.
Rev. ROBERT DESCHWEINITZ, will present the Diplomas.
Miss EDDIE HUNNICUTT, Salutatory.
Miss DAISY MURPHY, Valledictory.
Four Honor Essays will be read.
The Music will be exceptionally fine.
Concert Wednesday evening after going to press.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

—Whooping cough is prevalent in some parts of Davidson county.

—The appie crop will not be as large as was expected. Many trees have but few apples on them.

—Franklin Shoaf has watermelon vines over three feet long and cantaloupe vines in blossom.

—Relatives and neighbors made Richard Beeson a surprise birthday dinner on last Wednesday. Quite a number of his friends were present to feast with him on good things.

—There has already been a large amount of wheat cut in Davidson county, and generally speaking it is not quite as good as had been expected, yet there is some very good wheat.

—A large portion of Davidson County will tend much less ground in tobacco this year than last, owing to the fact that farmers have been unable to obtain a stand. A man told us that in his neighbor hood grasshoppers hove destroyed whole fields of tobacco.

—The meadows, in this section, were overflowed again last week. The waters have covered meadows several times of late, and the crop of hay will nesessarily be dusty.

—Last week, while Joseph Thomas, col., of Midway Township, was making some repairs on his house roof, he fell to the ground and hurt himself, but no bones were broken.

—A darky related to us his adventure with a mad dog. He said he killed one on a man's porch near the reservoir in Winston, on last Saturday. He feels confident that it was a rabid.

—The rainey weather is rather bad on farmers. They are hindered in making hay, and they cannot keep well up with their corn. Harvest is so near that if farmers get far behind, corn is apt to lay a little too long before they can give it their attention.

—Rev. Earnhardt, paster of the Methodist churches in Davidson caunty, has for the last few months been preaching a series of sermons on temperance at his several churches. We hear these sermons highly spoken of, and it is thought they will do much good in awakening people to their duty on this subject.

—Bees appear to be hard to hive this spring. We hear of many stray swarms. We hear some who have robbed their bees, say that they are tolerably rich. People do not pay the attention to bee culture, that their importaunce deserves. A man told us that he paid a dollar for a hive a few years ago, and that he takes, on an average, $2. worth of honey from it yearly besides having several new stands of bees, each of which he considers well worth $2.

—Partridges seem to be on the increase, and if their nests are not destroyed, their nembers will be such that they can wage a successful war on insects. Hugh Beeson, Jr., has found six nests, most of which had from 15 to 18 eggs in them. He does not destroy the nests. Michael Bodenhammer found one nest with 24 eggs in it.

—Levi Zimmerman, of Davidson County, bought a wheat drill laat fall, and he thinks that the increase in yield will be nearly sufficient to pay for the drill. Drilled wheat is best every where, and it will pay farmers handsomely to drill all their wheat. If two or three neighbors would unite in buying a drill, the cost would be hardly felt, and one drill would be sufficient to do the work of several farmers.

—While in Lexington last week, we went on business to Edward and Lewis Rothrock's plow factory. These young men went from Forsyth county, and possess all the skill and energy so common with many of Forsyth's young men. They first entered this factory as employees, but soon became the sole proprietors of it. They make a first class plow, and the demand for this plow is so great that they are unable to fill orders on short time. There plows are used by many farmers in Forsyth David on and surrounding counties, and they sell them cheaper than those made and shipped here from abroad. Our farmers should make a note of this and give home enterprise ample encouragement.

—Last week one day, Alfred Smith was driving a young mule to his buggy. He got out to open a gate, and before he got back, a small limb fell from a tree on his mule, and caused it to take fright. Mr. Smith got into the buggy, but before he could stop the mule, the buggy turned over, and he was dragged more than a hundred yards by the lines. He was somewhat bruised but not badly hurt. The buggy was broken to pieces. The mule became tangled in the harness among some trees, and fell down, but received no serious hurt.

—John Eller, Sr., of Davidson county is a successful farmer. He has no help except a hired hand through the busy season. His last years tobacco crop brought about $250, and he raised a large crop of corn besides. The day we saw him, he was on his way to Salem with 20 bushels of wheat for market. He raises enough grain for his own use, and a liberal amount for sale. His tobacco is a suplus crop. Mr. Ellen is a hard working man. He became used to hardship during his three years service in which the "boys in gray," did so many valiant deeds for a lost cause. We were interested to hear him relate some of his experiences during this time. He held an important official position, and talks with much intelligence.

—We heard seven neighbors talking a few days ago. They all chew tobacco and were telling about what they spent for tobacco. The prices ranged from 20 to 40 cents a week Make an average and we hava 30cts a week or $15.60 a year for each, which would amount to $109.20 for our little company. Each one expressed the opinion that its uso is injurious to health. Now according to their own confession, they are paying for the injury of their health enough to maintain a school in their ditrict four months in each year, yet they are contented to send their children less than three months a year, to a well crowded school. This example of waste can only be surpassed by that of the dram drinker.

—The following is the schedule of 9rst and second sales at Piedmont Warehouse for the month of June:

Wednesday,	16,	Second "
Thursday,	17,	First "
Monday,	21,	Second "
Tuesday,	22,	First "
Friday,	25,	Second "
Saturday,	26,	First "
Wednesday,	30,	Second "

—The following is the schedule of sales at Brown's Warehouse for the ensuing week:

Wednesday,	16,	Third Sale.
Thursday,	17,	Second "
Friday,	18,	First "
Saturday,	19,	Fourth "
Monday,	21,	Third "
Tuesday,	22,	Second "
Wednesday,	23,	First "

DIED.

In Waughtown, on last Monday, Capt. JOHN L. SWAIM.

In Winston, on Monday night, Mrs. ROSE, wife of M. Rose, aged about 50 years.

In Lexington, on the 5th inst., Mrs. ELIZABETH S. LINDSAY, relict of the late Dr. W. D. Lindsay, in the 63rd year of her age.

—For Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Soap, Perfumes, Teas and Spices go to ASHCRAFT & OWENS, Winston, N. C.

✣COMMENCEMENT,✣'86.✣

PROGRAMME OF

SENIORS' ESSAYS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 7¼ P. M.

✣PART✣1.✣

Gallia. Solos and Choruses. *Ch. Gounod.*
SINGING CLASS. Solos, Miss SWIFT.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.....Miss STOKES, Danville, Va.
A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.....Miss JOHNSTON, Ruffin, N. C.
WONDERS NEVER CEASE.....Miss BROWN, Winston, N. C.
STEPPING STONES.....Miss MCRAE, Clio, S. C.
INQUISITIVENESS.....Miss FANT, Anderson, S. C.

Duo. Linguene. Morceau de la Gavotte. *Dressler.*
Misses GOSLEN and SAWYER.

THE POETS.....Miss WILLIAMSON, Asheville, N. C.
THE NEW SOUTH.....Miss MCKAY, Lone Home, S. C.
SHADOWS.....Miss JONES, High Point, N. C.
LIFE IS LENT FOR NOBLE DEEDS.....Miss NELSON, Winston, N. C.
WHAT CAN I DO?.....Miss GORRELL, Winston, N. C.

Duo. Cheour des Soldats. *(Faust.) Vilbac.*
Misses HILL and PEGRAM.

✣PART✣2.✣

Una voce poco fa. *(Il Barbiere.) Rossini.*
Miss F. MCRAE.

HOME.....Miss WALKER, Charlotte, N. C.
"YES AND NO."....Miss BARBER, Fort Mills, S. C.
NIGHT BRINGS OUT THE STARS.....Miss MOTLEY, Lawsonville, N. C.
"IF".....Miss THOMPSON, Winston, N. C.
EXPRESSION.....Miss HARRIS, Winston, N. C.

Cujus Animam. *(Stabat Mater.) Kuhe.*
Miss PETERSON.

THE DRESS NOT THE MAN.....Miss M. S. MOTLEY, Reidsville, N. C.
WHAT WOMAN HAS DONE, WHAT SHE CAN DO.
Miss PETERSON, Salem, N. C.
THE FOLLY OF FRETTING.....Miss BLACKBURN, Winston, N. C.
THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.....Miss BARROW, Salem, N. C.

Duo. Overture. *(Comedy.) Bohm.*
Misses MCKEY and HEGE.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

—For ELEGANT JEWELRY, in endless variety, go to BEVAN, the Jeweler, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—Trusses accurately fitted and satisfaction guaranteed at ASHCRAFT & OWEN'S, Druggists, Winston, N. C.

—SOLID SILVER SPOONS and TRIPLE PLATED SILVERWARE, at bottom figures, for sale by J. BEVAN, Silversmith, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—For Artist's Tube Colors, Brushes and Artist's Materials of all kinds, go to ASHCRAFT & OWENS, Druggists, Winston, N. C.

—Largest Stock of Ladies and Gents Gold and Silver WATCHES, at J. BEVAN, Watchmaker, 55 Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—CLOCKS of all kinds and WALKING CANES, at BEVAN'S Jewelry Store, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Rubber frames, to suit all Eyes, you will find at BEVAN'S, the Optician, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—If you want your WATCHES CLOCKS and JEWELRY REPAIRED by skilled workmen, and ENGRAVING and LETTERING done by *practical Engravers*, go to J. BEVAN Watchmaker and Jeweler, Main Street, Winston, N C.

Go to the Cheap Variety Store for your Sugar, Coffee, Syrup and Molasses, Tobacco, Snuff and Cigars, and in fact an endless variety of articles usefull as well as ornamental for every household. Come and see me, and be convinced of the remarkable low prices at which we are selling. The five and ten cent counter is still holding the fort. Remember the place one door north of Dr. Shaffner's Drug Store, Main St., Salem, N. C.

TAX LISTING.

Notice is hereby given to the taxpayers of Winston township that I will attend at the Courthouse, Winston from Monday, June 14th to Saturday June 19th.
Cool Spring Schoolhouse Monday, June 21.
Belo House, Salem, Tuesday, June 22.
Town Hall, Salem, Wednesday " 23.
" " Thursday " 24.
At Courthouse, Winston, till July 3rd. to list the taxable property and polls of the township.

C. B. BROOKS, Tax Lister.

R. B. KERNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WINSTON, N. C

T. R. PURNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RALEIGH, N. C.
BUSINESS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

COFFINS!!
CASKETS,
BURIAL ROBES, &c.

A full and complete line of the above Goods, always on hand, which I will sell CHEAPER than any house in this city. In addition to this department is my extensive

FURNITURE BUSINESS.

I have secured the services of the most experienced workmen, and have spared neither care nor money to prepare to fully meet the demands of all. I have an elegant HEARSE, and my entire stock is new and of the latest styles.

UPHOLSTERING A SPECIALTY.

I am still headquarters for FURNITURE and at prices that defy competition.

Bedsteads, Baby Carriages, Wardrobes, Sideboards, Parlor and Chamber Suits in Endless Variety. Also Crockery, Glassware, Decorated Dinner Sets, &c., Carpets, Oil Cloths, and Mattings

in endless variety. In fact if you need goods at botton prices call on

CICERO TISE.
May 20-6m.

THE NEW TWIN-CITY
ART GALLERY,
Main Street, Winston, N. C.

HAS now been open since December, 1885, yet in that short time has so clearly proven the ability of Mr. E. K. Hough to make FIRST CLASS WORK, that the united voice of Winston-Salem pronounces him the best artist ever here.

Mr. Hough not only makes CARDS, CABINETS and PANELS in all modern styles, but he also COPIES OLD PICTURES and makes PORTRAITS FROM LIFE, by a NEW and SUPERIOR PROCESS that ensures ACCURATE LIKENESS, ENTIRE PERMANENCE and ELEGANT ARTISTIC EFFECTS, making them worthy of the proudest homes, yet at prices so moderate all can afford them. No American home in this Artistic Age is well furnished without pictures on its walls. The best pictures are Family portraits that carry the family history, and testify to family affection and family pride.

Then do not fail to improve this unusual opportunity of Artist and Photographer combined to adorn your homes artistically and also honor the memory of loved ones gone, and leave a legacy to those who follow you, by having old pictures enlarged and new ones taken while Hough is here.

Hough will remain in Winston only until the last of June.

HOUGH,
Main Street, Winston-Salem.
15-3m.

N. W. N. C. Guide Book.

An illustrated edition of this popular pamphlet has just been issued. An appendix notices the late improvements in Salem and Winston. Price 25 cents.

Headquarters!
S. E. ALLEN,
CORNER 3rd AND MAIN STREETS, WINSTON, N. C.

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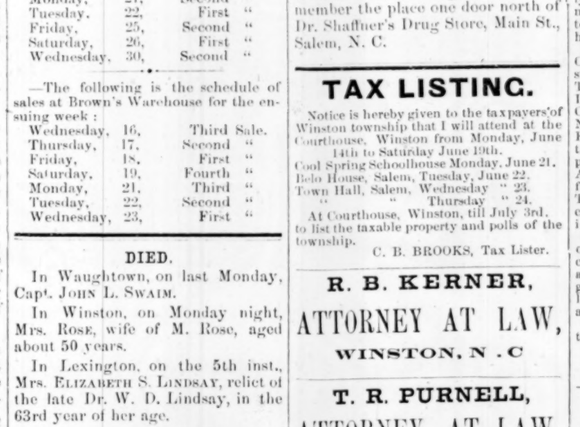

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Pistols, Guns, Ammunition, Fish Hooks, Nets, &c. Farmers, Blacksmith and Mechanics Tools.

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EVERYTHING
NEW, BRIGHT and ATTRACTIVE,
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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

With gratifying pride we are pleased to invite the especial attention of Parents and others to the extensive and liberal preparations just completed in our **MEN'S, YOUTHS', BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT** for the Spring season of 1886. Not only have we exerted our best efforts to make this department the popular resort of Parents and all interested in the economic purchase of BOYS' and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, but we offer decidedly the LARGEST and BEST assorted stock ever displayed in this city, from which to make satisfactory selections.

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Spring Styles Children's Clothing.

We mention among our splendid assortment of

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Handsome and complete line KILT SUITINGS, Combination Suits, Jersey Bloose and Kilted Skirts, ages 2½ to 4½ years Single Pants, in Cassimeres, Cheviotts, &c. Fine Sawyer Cassimere Suitings, Body Fitting Plaited Jackets. New light shades for Spring wear. Creedmoor Norfolk Suits in all new Spring Styles.

It is our determination to maintain the Highest Standard of General Excellence in everything appertaining to our Boys' and Children's Department. In addition to the many designs originating with ourselves and adopted by other concerns of this city; we shall offer our patrons the full benefit of our exclusive exertion in securing for them the correct and prevailing styles as originated by the leading manufacturers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other noted markets, and from time to time throughout the season we shall introduce new Styles, newGoods and new Ideas, from which parents may obtain the most reliable information regarding the customes best and most appropriately adapted for children's wear.

We have also a full line of GENTS' FURNISHINGS of all the Leading Styles, Collars, Scarfs, Shirts, White and Colored. Don't fail to visit the place.

BALTIMORE CLOTHING HOUSE,
"TEMPLE OF FASHION,"
M. M. STEIN, Proprietor.
MAIN STREET, WINSTON, N. C.

EARLY CONFEDERATE DAYS

HOW THE SECESSION GOVERNMENT WAS FOUNDED.

Opening the Confederate Treasury and Unfurling the Flag---Its Seal, Its Money, Its Salt.

When Montgomery was selected as the capital of the Confederate States it was one of the richest cities in the South. The first rule adopted by the Congress was that votes should be cast by States. The State was made the sovereign unit, and Florida with her three delegates balanced the vote of Georgia's eleven delegates.

When elected, Mr. Davis was at his home, Brierfield, Miss., to use his own language, "repairing his fences." He did not desire the Presidency. In a speech he said: "I have no desire but to be at the head of gallant Mississippians once more, leading them to the charge!" Mr. Davis rode from Brierfield to Montgomery in a blaze of bonfires by night and the acclamations of multitudes by day.

The Confederate Treasury began business on the morning of February 20 in a two-story building on the corner of Commerce and Market streets. When young Mr. Capers, chief clerk of the Treasury, sought the Treasury building that morning, he procured the keys of Dr. Clanton. Examining the closed doors as he passed down the hallway he found one labelled "Confederate Treasury." Unlocking the door he found a dusty and empty room. Not even a chair showed that it had ever been occupied. Cat tracks in the dust on the floor were the only signs of life. As the Treasury was to be opened in an hour, Mr. Capers hurried to a furniture store, just opened for the day's business, and soon he and a young clerk in the store were on their way back with a neat table, a desk, and six chairs. Arrived at the Treasury they swept the room, dusted out the cobwebs, and by nine o'clock had as nice a Treasury room as one could wish to see. Pens and inkstands were secured and stationery provided. This practical improvement of the Treasury was interrupted by the entrance of an elderly, soldierly man who, in the voice of one accustomed to command, said:

"Where is the Confederate Treasury."

"This is it," replied the young clerk.

The visitor cast a skeptical look about the room. Mr. Capers rallied sufficiently to repeat the information. The visitor, still incredulous and unbending, said: "I am Captain Deas, late of the United States army, and I desire to see the Secretary on business of importance."

The chief clerk, abashed by the evident skepticism of his visitor, replied that the Secretary was engaged, but that he might be able to attend to the business. Then came the crusher:

"I have been instructed, sir, by the President, whose letter of introduction I hand you, to provide blankets and rations for 100 men, who have reported for duty in the army. I want the money, sir, to carry out the order of the President."

The chief clerk of the Treasury returned to Captain Deas the President's letter and assured him that nothing would give him more pleasure than to comply with his wishes; "but," said he, drawing a lean purse from his pocket and counting out $1, "I have been on a considerable frolic for two weeks, and this, Captain, is all the money at the disposal of the Confederate Treasury at this moment." Finally, Clerk Capers agreed to lock up the Treasury Department and go with Captain Deas to look for the Secretary. When found, that gentleman gave his personal draft on the Central Bank of Alabama for the necessary amount, and Mr. Capers and Captain Deas went together, drew the money, and supplied the soldiers.

Commodore Semmes was one of the first volunteers for Confederate service. He was anxious to be afloat under the Stars and Bars. A form of commission was furnished by Commander Semmes, which was carefully transcribed. It was necessary to affix to this the seal of the Confederate Government. There was no seal, and no engraver. Commander Semmes and Mr. Capers procured a block of boxwood, some type from the *Advertiser* office, and with their pocket knives began digging out a seal. Dr. DeLeon brought in a young surgeon, who assisted, and the seal was soon ready at the expense of several pocket knives. When applied to the wafer it made a very fine impression. With this commission, the first ever issued by the Confederate Government, Commander Semmes boarded his Sumter.

The making of Confederate bonds and notes was a great trial with the young Treasury. There were no engravers in the South, and no bank note paper. The first bonds were printed by the American Bank Note Company, but seized by the Federal authorities before they left New York. The first Confederate money issued was eight $100 bills made in Richmond. A German named Hoyer was found there engaged in engraving cards and posters. Some paper was smuggled through for him, and upon old and inferior stones, previously used for placards, he engraved the first Confederate Treasury notes. They were pulled by hand from the old press, the process being very slow. Uncouth and homely bills they undoubtedly were. Awkwardly issued and but poorly maintained, they found no buyers in the outside world, and no credit save in the hearts of our people. All the same, they were the pledges of a brave and honorable people. A hundred and fifty thousand men died to give them value, and three times a hundred thousand died to make them worthless.

The first Confederate flag was unfurled at 3:45 P. M. on March 4, 1861, from the Capitol building in Montgomery. The Confederate Congress had adopted the design agreed on by the committee (Mr. Miles Chairman) at about 11 o'clock. The Secretary of the Congress was instructed to procure a flag at once, and if possible float it on the afternoon of the same day. The selection of the Confederate flag makes a curious chapter of history. While it was a constant topic in debate, thirty days elapsed after Congress met before a flag was chosen. Of the hundreds of designs that poured in on Congress, nine out of ten came from ladies.

In Georgia there were 250 companies actually tendered on the call for the first regiment. Companies were limited by law to eighty men. The moment a company had secured enlistment its ranks were swelled beyond the limit. One Captain insisted on taking 120 men to the field, and it almost produced a riot when forty were forced back. A company secured early enlistment by its name: "Mrs. Joe Brown's Boys." Gov. Colquitt, then Captain, brought out the Baker Fire Eaters, and was made Colonel of the first Georgia regiment that organized. General Gordon, then Captain, brought down "The Coonskin Rangers." Captain Kendrick came up with the "Miller Wild Cats," and the "Monroe Crowders" came from Forsyth. A Milledgeville company of thirty-five men represented two and a half million on the tax books. A Milledgeville company of forty men represented $730,000. The Bainbridge Volunteers, representing over a million dollars, came up in home-spun uniforms and flannel shirts.

The people were urged to furnish the metal on their roofs to provide material for molding cannon. The saving power of salt was lacking in the Confederacy. With the ocean beating its shores from Baltimore to Galveston, it could not make enough salt to save its meat. Salt became worth its weight in silver. Salt speculators, by hoarding the precious stuff, actually imperiled the life of the Government. The most curious phase of the eager and earnest and foolish days of the young Confederacy was the universal belief that the Yankees wouldn't fight and couldn't fight. "We can whip 'em with popguns," said Judge Sam Rice in a secession speech in 1860; "but d——n 'em, they wouldn't fight us that way," said he in an explanatory speech in 1866.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

Justice Rather than Law.

Ben: Perley Poore says in the *Boston Budget* that Mr. Webster used sometimes to read the conclusion of a charge by Judge Dudley, a trader and a farmer, a manuscript copy of which he had for many years in his desk. It was a treat to hear him read it in pure and undefiled English, as it doubtless came from Judge Dudley's lips: "You have heard, gentlemen of the jury, what has been said in this case by the lawyers, the rascals! but, no, I will not abuse them. It is their business to make a good cause for their clients; they are paid for it, and they have done in this case well enough, but you and I, gentlemen, have something else to consider. They talk of law. Why, gentlemen, it is not law that we want, but justice. They would govern us by the common law of England, Trust me, gentlemen, common sense is a much safer guard for us; the common sense of Raymond, Epping, Exeter, and the other towns which have sent us here to try this case between two of our neighbors. A clear head and an honest heart are worth more than all the law of all the lawyers. There was one good thing said at the bar. It was from one Shakespeare, an English player, I believe. No matter, it is good enough almost to be in the bible. It is this: 'Be just, and fear not.' It is our business to do justice between the parties, not by any quirks of the law out of Coke or Blackstone, books that I have never read and never will, but by common sense and by common honesty, as between man and man. That is our business, and the curse of God is upon us if we neglect, or evade, or turn aside from it. And now, Mr. Sheriff, take out the jury; and you, Mr. Foreman, do not keep us waiting with idle talk, of which there has been too much already, about matters which have nothing to do with the merits of the case. Give us an honest verdict, of which, as plain, common sense men, you need not be ashamed."

Training Ferrets to Catch Rats.

In New York is a place where rats are bought at prices varying from ten to twelve cents. It is on Fulton street, between Gold and William streets. The rats, however, are not intended for food, as they were used in the seige of Paris, but to exhibit the way in which they may be killed by their unrelenting enemy, the ferret. Although far less active than the dog or cat, the ferret outrivals either in its instinctive hatred of the rat. The rat knows this well, for, although, when hard pressed for food, it will approach a sleeping dog or cat to obtain it, the rat will disappear to the safest retreat it can find out of any possibility of pursuit from its deadly antagonist. It is only when there is no chance of retreat that the rat will dare show fight with its enemy. The only advantage which the rat possesses over the ferret is in its greater swiftness; in other ways it cannot cope with it. The flexibility of the ferret's body enables it to enter almost any hole that a rat can.

Ferrets are extensively used in ridding stores, residences and ships of the noxious rodent. They are generally employed to hunt in pairs. A male ferret is more of a killer than the female, but the latter does her share of running down the victim. Unless very hungry, the ferret will only eat the brain of its prey, and in this respect it resembles the weasel, the martin and the otter, to which it bears some relationship. When ferrets are brought into a building for the first time, they should be kept in a pen for a few days, and gradually taught to know it as their home. After that they may be trusted to ramble around the building and return to their pen afterward. Ferrets cost from $10 to $15 a pair, and sometimes, when the breed is exceptionally good, as much as $20.—*New York Star.*

Grave Digging as a Fine Art.

"Grave digging is an art," said the genius who attends to the sepulture of bodies at Prospect Hill cemetery the other day. "I'll admit that it looks easy enough to dig a hole in the ground of sufficient length and width and deep enough to hold a coffin, but then, you know, looks are sometimes deceptive. The fact is that I have been in the business ten years, and I am learning something more about it every day. There are a thousand ways in which a grave digger can show his skill—he must be able to work quickly and easily, must not make the grave too long or too short, too wide or too narrow, too deep or too shallow. It must be exactly proportional and the sides must be clean-shaven and well trimmed. How long does it take to dig a grave? That depends. If a man is an adept at the business and knows how to use his shovel handily, it ought not to take more than two or three hours at the most—that is, for an ordinary size grave. Put a greenhorn at the business and the same job will take him all day. Of course, too, the length of time required depends greatly upon the condition of the soil. In winter it takes much longer than in summer. The size of the body also makes considerable difference in the work. The price for digging a grave is $5. How deep does it have to be? Not less than five or six feet—between six and seven is deep enough." And the gravedigger turned to his work and commenced to make the dirt fly vigorously.—*Omaha Bee.*

A Lesson in Courage.

At the siege of Saragossa there served under the Duke of Montebello a General of brigade named Hubert, a man of gigantic build and herculean strength. During a sortie of the enemy he took up a position behind an escarpment, where he crouched down so as not to attract the notice of the Spaniards by his tall figure. A young conscript, observing this, remarked to his comrades: "I say, it appears that these Generals are as frightened as the rest of us!"

Unluckily for the conscript, Hubert overheard the remark, and, turning with rage to the soldier, he said: "Ah! you think I am frightened, do you! I'll let you see whether I am or not, you jackanapes!" Whereupon the General drew himself up to his full height, and seizing the conscript by the small of his back, he held him high up in the air as far as far as he could reach. The poor fellow trembled like an aspen leaf, for the Spaniards now directed a murderous fire upon the two men. The soldier whined piteously and begged to be let go, but the General paid no heed. He marched steadily along with grave and measured steps amid a shower of bullets, none of which took effect. At length he deposited his bundle more dead than alive, saying at the same time: "Now be off, you rascal, and mind you never talk again about Generals being as frightened as you are!"—*Almanach Ligeois.*

Cattle Bones.

The four feet of an ordinary ox will make a pint of neat's foot oil. Not a bone of any animal is thrown away. Many cattle's shin bones are shipped to England for the making of knife handles, where they bring $40 per ton. The thigh bones are the most valuable, being worth $80 per ton for cutting into tooth-brush handles. The fore-leg bones are worth $30 per ton and are made into collar buttons, parasol handles and jewelry, though sheeps' legs are the staple parasol handles. The water in which the bones are boiled is reduced to glue, and the dust which comes from sawing the bones is fed to cattle and poultry.—*Scientific American.*

A PRAIRIE DOG TRAGEDY.

FATE OF AN ENTIRE COLONY IN NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK.

How the Little Animals Prepared for Winter—Disappearing in their Burrows—Their Last Sleep.

H. S. Fuller says in a recent issue of the New York *Tribune:* For several weeks the authorities at the menagerie in Central Park have been waiting patiently for the appearance of the colony of prairie dogs that was placed in the park last fall. The little animals hibernate during the cold weather like some species of bears. They were last seen several days before Christmas, the weather having continued warm and pleasant up to that period. After the first cold blast of winter the fat old burgher, the oldest and biggest of the lot, who united the offices of governor, mayor and aldermen of the corporation, looked out from the central mound of the colony, and finding the ground covered with snow retired at once. Nothing more was seen of any of them. There were thirteen dogs in the colony, and Superintendent Conklin had been promised a dozen more in the spring by a friend in the West. In addition to this the young prairie dogs are born in the spring, and Mr. Conklin expected there would be a litter of a dozen or more puppies to add to the attractions of the collection. The place for them was carefully selected on the side of the hill in the rear of the Arsenal, an enclosure thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide. It was excavated to a depth of fifteen feet and filled with soft earth; the sides and bottom of the pit, with the exception of a single spot left for drainage, were built up with concrete to prevent the dogs from burrowing out of their home.

The dogs made fully a dozen burrows in different parts of the enclosure, the central and longest of them being occupied by the old dog who seems to govern the colony. After the burrows had been finished to their satisfaction the dogs busied themselves carrying in quantities of hay and grass that Mr. Conklin directed to be given to them. There was no end to their capacity for storing this away. More than a ton of hay was thrown into the enclosure during the week, and every spear of it disappeared. In the same manner after eating what they wished of the corn and other food given them daily they carefully gathered the remainder and disappeared with it in their burrows. That they did not feed on this store, but kept it in reserve for a "rainy day," was evident from the fact that they were always on hand at the hour when the keeper gave them their meals, and they never failed to reserve a small portion to take into their store. The holes all appeared to communicate with one another, as the dogs would enter at one portion of the enclosure and emerge from different burrows at the other side. The hay that they took into their burrows served for the double purpose of feeding and lining the walls of their subterranean homes, making them soft and warm.

When the spring weather came in warm and pleasant, Mr. Conklin instructed the keepers to maintain a careful outlook for the first appearance of the dogs. But day after day passed without any indications of them and he began to think that they had overslept themselves, and were not aware that the sun had made its way so far toward summer. The entrances to the burrows were worn and washed out of shape by the frost and the storms of the winter. There was no possibility of their escaping from the enclosure on the surface, as it is protected by a fine wire fence arched at the top in a manner that would puzzle a monkey's industry to scale. Fearful that the colony had been overcome in their sleep by a fatal attack of malaria, or that they had found some unprotected part of the concrete to tunnel under the hill or through to China, Mr. Conklin gave instructions to have the problem investigated. Several laborers began to throw out the earth in the enclosure, and in a short time the cause of the non-appearance of the colony was explained. The holes ran downward several feet and then all inclined toward a common centre. Most of them reached a depth of ten feet and several went to the bottom of the pit as far as the concrete would permit. Then they would take an upward turn and several feet from the bottom a wider space was cleared, and this was packed with the hay and food. In the centre of the nest that was thus prepared the dogs had curled up and gone to sleep. They still lay just as they had settled themselves in December for the remainder of the winter. Little of the food had been eaten. The fat old dog occupied a larger nest in the centre of the pit, with two or three of his wives occupying adjoining nests. But the entire colony was dead. They had apparently never awakened after they had closed their eyes in December.

The cause of their death was at first inexplicable, and the workmen concluded that the dogs must still be sleeping; but their bodies were stiff and cold, showing no signs of life. They had evidently been dead for several weeks. Mr. Conklin held a post mortem examination on the bodies, that established this conclusion and indicated that the colony had perished either from drowning or suffocation. Further investigation supported this theory. In February the heavy rains had washed a gully down the hillside, and a portion of the water found its way to the enclosure and poured down into the burrows. The drain at the bottom had not been prepared with a view to so heavy a discharge of water. When the storm had passed away the burrows were probably half filled, and in the cold weather that set in subsequently, it is thought that the water in them must have frozen. During the summer a false bottom will be placed in the enclosure by which the surplus water may be carried off and a repetition of the disaster prevented. The new colony of dogs arrived early in the week. The pit was filled with earth and the new colonists placed in the enclosure. They are younger and smaller than the first colony, but will become fully as large by next winter. The colonists made themselves quite at home and began at once to burrow fresh holes. They have been busy preparing their homes since their arrival, and do not seem to have been disturbed in the recesses of the earth by the shades of their unfortunate predecessors.

For Heavy Sleepers.

Alarm clocks, as is well known, after a time lose their power over a sleeper and fail to awake him, since he becomes accustomed to the noise. To remedy this defect an ingenious inventor has added a cylinder, the base filled with compressed air and the remaining space with cold water. A perforated tin tube is attached, which is pointed in the direction needed. When the alarm bell goes off the pressure of air is relieved and the water in the cylinder is driven out through the perforated tube over the head of the sleeper, who is sure to be awakened by the shower-bath.—*Chicago Times.*

In Summer Fields.

Adown the dale,
Over the vale,
Abross the lea,
Sports the bee.

A youngster spies
With eager eyes,
And merry glee,
The little bee.

To deftness lend
His business end,
Happy and free,
Bends the bee.

A constant shriek
That lasts a week;
But naught cares he,
The wicked bee!

—*Tid-Bits.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Oleanders.

Their culture is of the easiest description, and when in full bloom nothing can exceed their beautiful effect. They thrive best in soil consisting of equal parts of loam, peat, and well-rotted cow manure, and should have plenty of pot-room. They may be wintered in a light, cool cellar, giving them but little water; during their growing season, however, water should be given abundantly. In fact, they should never become entirely dry at that period, else the flower-buds will drop off. The proper season for transplanting is in the spring, when removing them from their winter quarters. The long, straggling branches should then be cut back, and they will soon throw out young shoots, forming handsome, bushy plants. Oleanders are apt to be infested with a whitish scale; this must be carefully guarded against by frequent washing and syringing.

High Manuring.

Here is my experience with potatoes, says a Maryland farmer: The ground was naturally good, but very much exhausted. I procured about 100 loads, or seventy-five tons, of manure, made by two or three horses, as many cows and a small number of hogs. The latter ran loose in the yard, and were also fed in an adjoining pen. The offal from the slaughter-house was thrown into the yard and was well mixed with the stable manure by the rooting of the hogs. About forty loads of the manure were put broadcast on a trifle less than three-quarters of an acre—about 90 feet by 400 feet. The potatoes were plowed in every third furrow, making thirty rows not quite 400 feet long—Varieties, Peerless and Peachblow, which were worked with horse and cultivator, with some hand-weeding. The growth of vines was simply immense. Very much to my agreeable surprise, we dug 379 bushels of exceedingly large tubers, beside a few bushels of small ones. Twenty of the largest actually filled a bushel measure, and aggregated forty-five pounds, the largest single one weighing four and one-quarter pounds. I think I could have picked out fifty bushels, not one of which would have weighed less than half a pound. The Peerless were the largest, but the Peachblows were the smoothest and best formed.

The Circle of Root Culture.

A Pennsylvania farmer says: Roots for feeding promote profit in live stock husbandry and the latter tends to fertility of soil by increasing the manure supply. This is averred by those who have tried root culture, among the rest Colonel F. D. Curtis and other correspondents of the *Tribune.* They say it is most easy, convenient and indispensable in the feeding of cattle, sheep and swine, and for the maintenance of the land by enabling one to keep more stock than by any other feeding crops. The objectors, to a man, reply to the query: "Have you tried it?" "No; it would be a failure; it is impossible to raise roots." Now I have grown long red mangels (which I think the best, because of the large yield, their tenderness, crispness and long keeping) at the rate of 3,529 bushels on three acres; and one acre yielded considerably over 1,200 bushels. Sugar beets have yielded 800 bushels per acre and turnips more than this. If the timorous fears failure let him start with a quarter of an acre, as a neighbor of mine once did, eight years ago, as a trial, and last year had eleven acres. Root growing is the key to a better culture of the land, and a better culture is the one thing needful at the present time to make farming profitable. Manure is needed; but one need not wait for that, for on any fairly good land a good crop may be grown by the aid of artificial manure and the foundation laid for a large increase in the home-made supply.

Plaster as a Fertilizer.

Observers have noticed that the most marked influence of plaster on plants is in the formation of leaf and stalk, and that it imparts to the foliage a dark green color. Hence its use is apt to be misleading to the amateur farmer, who would very likely judge of the beneficial results received from the herbaceous part of the plant, where the grain and not the straw is the object sought. Plaster contains two substances which are necessary to the growth of crops, but as different plants contain different proportions of them we have one reason why gypsum is more beneficial to some crops than others. These are sulphur and lime. As an illustration of this difference it may be said that a clover crop of four tons contains some forty-nine pounds or more of sulphate of lime, while a wheat crop of twenty-five bushels, including the straw, has been found to contain less than seven pounds of this material. It has been conclusively shown that a solution of sulphate of lime has a peculiar disintergrating influence on the compound silicates of the soil, setting free potash and magnesia for the use of the plants. Therefore by the application of plaster to the soil the plants are not only furnished a direct supply of sulphur and lime, but they are assisted to an increased supply of potash and magnesia; and the importance of potash to the growth of plants may be judged somewhat from the extensive and beneficial use of wood ashes. Plaster acts as an absorbent or ammonia, and applied to a soil somewhat rich in organic matter, it will prevent the escape of a considerable amount of this element. Farmers have looked in vain for beneficial effects from plaster where it has been applied to a soil destitute of vegetable mould. It has a peculiar action on vegetable matter, and it has been observed that the soil is rapidly exhausted of them by its use. If plaster is to be used on a soil thus destitute, manure should be applied in connection with it. The presence of vegetable matter seems to be essential to the best influence of plaster. The effects of gypsum on dry, porous, gravelly or sandy soils is decidedly more marked than on stiff, tenacious, clay lands, as they are also in a somewhat dry rather than a very wet season.—*American Cultivator.*

Ruts.

The following is from a New Hampshire letter to the Germantown (Penn.) *Telegraph:* There is another "rut" in which farmers make extra and useless travel. The fathers trod the path till old age and the son has learned to go in the same everlasting round. I refer to the barn and well, which are often from five to ten rods from the house.

In this district, No. 7, there are eighteen farms; of these only three farms buildings are arranged so that extra steps are avoided. On one of the farms the well is one-fourth of a mile from the house, and the buildings are the same distance from the highway. There are five farms which have their public buildings set back about twenty rods from the public road. This makes a large amount of travel for the farmers and their callers; any one who has experience in this matter readily understands what I mean. On another farm the barn is twenty rods south, the well twenty rods east, and a shop forty rods west from the house. The house is twenty rods from the highway. Any one familiar with figures can easily reckon how many miles of extra travel this farmer is likely to go in the course of fifty years, if he should live so long. I have in mind a farm where the well is nearly eight rods and the barn sixteen rods from the house; supposing the farmer averaged daily fourteen trips to the barn and well, he has traveled one mile the first day; in a year, 365 miles; in sixty years, 21,900; and, if he was paid ten cents per hour for the time, he would receive $735, supposing he travels three miles per hour. This farmer drove his cattle to a brook, twenty-five rods from the barn, for water. He might, by the use of a hydraulic ram set in the brook, have sent water to any part of the buildings. But the whole aim of this farmer appeared to be to get money out of the farm and put it at interest. A thousand dollars was put into a factory and lost; this amount expended judiciously on the farm would have improved it greatly. The farmer and his wife are dead; the children are scattered, and the poor old farm is left desolate, with its shattered buildings. The heirs own the farm, but have for the past few years sold hay and grass, which have been carried off the farm; this has greatly reduced the price ($3,000) of the farm. The man who buys the farm and partly runs into debt for it and undertakes to make money as the former owner did, by growing common farm crops, will have a big load to carry and be inclined to say, in a few years: "Farming don't pay." A great contrast to this farm is an adjoining one (although the natural fertility of each were nearly alike). The former owner commenced here when a young man; his aim was to improve the farm and make money; a portion of this money was expended in making improvements on the farm. He set an apple orchard, and along the highway in the pasture he set rack maple trees, which are large trees now. He dug out large stones and laid them in the stone walls in a workman like manner; a long piece of wall against the road is faced. He drained the wet land, bought large quantities of ashes and made a large amount of manure, and by their use the farm was made very fertile. He was always prompt and kept ahead of his work; if the work was likely to drag he would hire extra help and keep the work ahead. He made his money by farming. When in middle life the house was burned, but another was soon built. In his old age a model barn was built; and this gave the farmer a good set of buildings, and very convenient. After living a long and useful life he bequeathed the farm to his descendants in a good state of cultivation. A young man, a grandson of the deceased, now owns the farm, and he is making money. The apple orchard is very profitable; the barn well filled with hay, which keeps a nice stock. The pasture is running down as to feed, but $150 worth of blueberries were sold from it last year.

Household Hints and Recipes.

To remove paint splashes on window glass, moisten the spots with a strong solution of soda, then rub hard.

New carriage afghans of dark brown linen, embroidered in yellow daisies, are to be used for summer. The embroidery is done in linen.

To clean bottles, put into the bottle some kernels of corn, a tablespoonful of ashes; pour it half full of water, and after a vigorous shaking and rinsing you will find the bottle as good as new.

A light tea cake is made by this recipe: Half a cup of melted butter, one cup of sugar, one cup and a quarter of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, two eggs well beaten and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Bake in a good oven for twenty minutes.

To make lamp chimneys look beautifully clean, wash them in warm soapsuds, turn scalding water over them, wipe dry with a soft cloth, and rub with a piece of newspaper. This will give a nicer polish than can be obtained in any other way. Windows treated in the same way will be found to look much nicer than if simply washed and rinsed.

An easy way to poach eggs, and one that keeps them in pretty round shape, is to take as many small cups as you wish to cook eggs, break an egg in each cup, and set the cups into a saucepan of boiling water. Watch that no water boils over into the cups. As soon as the eggs are cooked, turn them out on to a hot platter or slices of toast, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and serve very hot.

Black kids may be nicely freshened by putting upon the hands, dipping the fingers in a saucer with good black ink turned in it, and then rubbing the gloves till all the parts are touched, allowing them to dry upon the hands, and perhaps touching them in a bit of thin mucilage to give them lustre. A touch of good boot-blacking may also be used with good effect for black or very dark colors of gloves.

Although there is no infallible rule that may be followed without thought, this manner of cooking rice is simple, and produces a palatable dish. One and a half cups of rice are carefully picked over to remove all unhulled kernels. Wash the rice thoroughly in several waters to remove every particle of starch, so that the last water is perfectly clear. Have a gallon of well-salted water boiling, bubbling on the range. Turn the rice into this and let it boil for ten minutes. Then drain the rice, letting it stand on the back of the stove half covered until it is perfectly dry, and serve. Each grain of rice will be thoroughly cooked and distinct. The rice must boil ten minutes. The large quantity of water keeps the rice active, preventing it from adhering to the pan.

Summer-Night Music in Sweden.

In a charming description of Sweden, a writer in the *Argosy* says that in summer Sunday evenings the town cafés are a good deal neglected, but during the week they have their revenge. Two bands play in the town squares or gardens, besides the boys' orchestra near the palace. It was difficult to listen to either without getting into the noisy crowd that went there night after night to smoke or drink, or to take their supper, al fresco or under cover, according to weather and inclination. The only rule absolute was—plenty of noise—enough on occasion to drown all the efforts of the music.

One of these bands was almost the only good one out of the very many we heard in Sweden. Its selections were also of a better character than one generally found. Escaping the crowd of loungers and multitude of small tables on Charles XII. Square, it was pleasant to stroll about its quieter and more deserted walks among the trees and flower beds, and listen to wild Swedish airs, original and captivating, and well-played overtures, with now and then a selection from Wagner by way of bonn bouche.

The Red Snapper.

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* says: "The red snapper that is seen in every fish stand in the South, rivaling in number, size, and cheapness the catfish that are plentiful in all inland waters, are not caught in nets, as many people doubtless think they must be. They are caught with hook and line. Small sail vessels carrying about six men go out in the Gulf of Mexico, and in the course of a week they return with a load of snappers. There are millions of them in the gulf, no fish in its waters exceeding them in number. Their presence is ascertained by sounding lines, which have baited hooks attached, and if the fish are feeding near the lines, they are sure to bite, and the first victims are apt to be the beginning of a boat's load. The red snapper is not at all chary or wary. He takes the baited hook without delay or suspicion, and that is why he is so numerous in the fish markets.

The codfish continues to grow indefinitely, without regard to age, so long as it has a plentiful supply of food. The oldest codfish are the largest, and they sometimes grow to be as long as a man is high. They swim about near the bottom of the sea, not often ascending to the surface, feeding on all sorts of animal life, such as crabs, shellfish and other small fish, but not on vegetables.

It is asserted by Rio Janeiro journals that there are over 1,200,000 slaves in Brazil, and that the emancipation laws act so slowly and feebly that slavery cannot be extinguished under them in fifty years.

IT IS USELESS TO ATTEMPT to cleanse a stream while the fountain is impure. Dyspepsia, complaints of the liver or kidneys, scrofula, headaches, and all diseases arising from impure blood, are at once removed by DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, the infallible purifier of the blood and renovator of the system. It has never been known to fail.

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